POPEYE

A DELL 10¢ MAGAZINE NO. 127

BY BUD SAGENDORF

EXTRA PRESENTING ALL NEW POPEYE COMICS, SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND DRAWN FOR THIS BOOK . . .

POPEYE

I YAM HAVIN' AN ARFUL TIME IN ME HOUSE WIT' MICE _ THEY IS EATIN' EVERYTHIN' I HAS IN ME CUPBOARDS?
HM!
WIMPY, I WOULD GIVE A LOT TA GET RID OF 'EM!
SIR, IF BY "A LOT" YOU MEAN MONEY, I WOULD BE GLAD TO RID YOUR HOUSE OF RODENTS
I WILL GIVE YA TEN BUCKS, IF YA GITS RID OF 'EM!
COME, LET US HASTEN TO THE TASK!
THEY JUS' IGNORES THE TRAPS I SETS FER 'EM!
I DO NOT USE TRAPS! I RELY UPON SUBTLETY!
I'LL JUST USE THIS SMALL BOTTLE OF FISH OIL
'AT WON'T CATCH MICE, WIMPY!
THE OIL WON'T_ BUT WHEN IT IS SPRINKLED ON YOUR RUG IT WILL ATTRACT KITTY CATS AND THEY WILL REMOVE THE MICE!
?
!
THREE HOURS LATER
HOW DOES I GIT RID OF THE CATS?
THAT, POPEYE, WILL COST YOU TWENTY DOLLARS!

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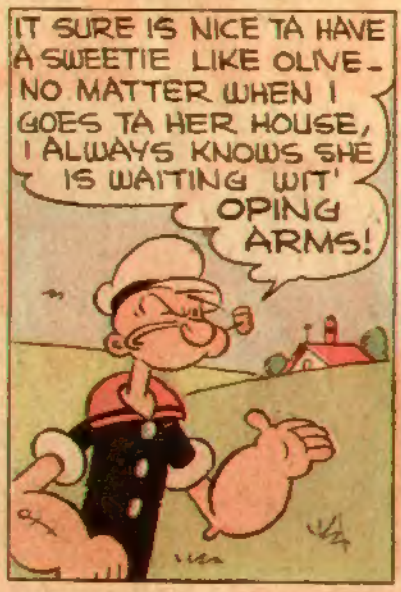
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS

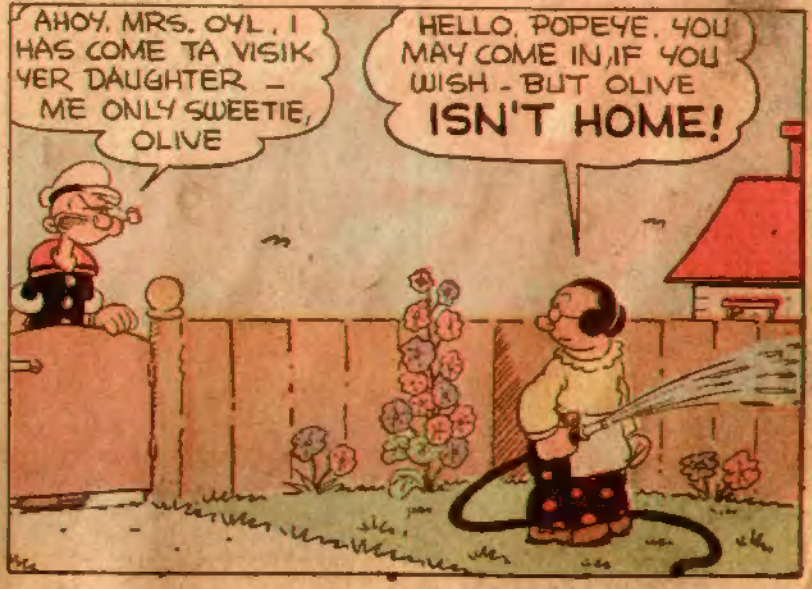
"MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSH!"

OR

"IT'S TOO FAR TO WALK"

STARRING POPEYE BY BUD SAGENDORF

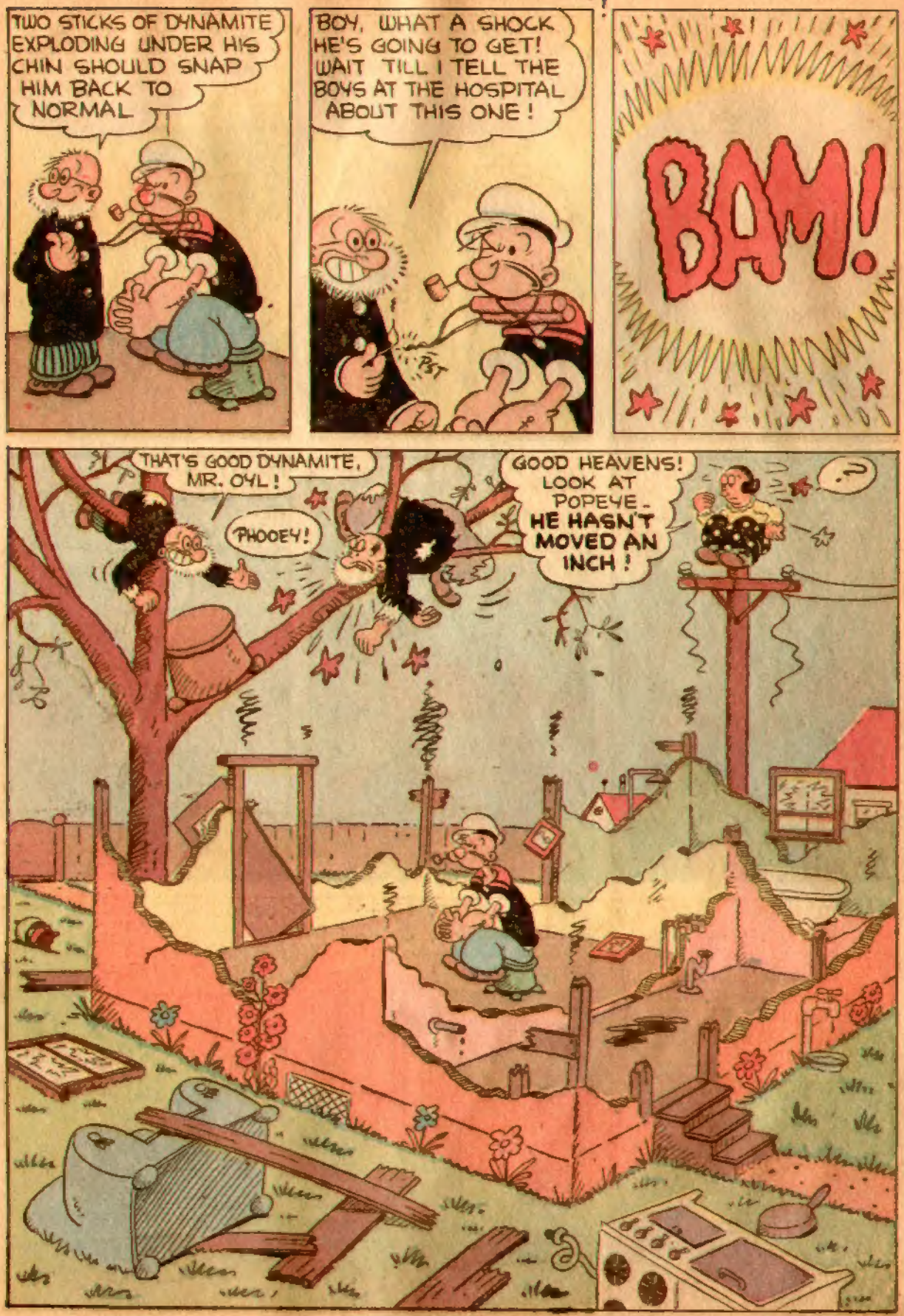



AHOY, MRS. OYL, I HAS COME TA VISIK YER DAUGHTER - ME ONLY SWEETIE, OLIVE
HELLO, POPEYE. YOU MAY COME IN, IF YOU WISH - BUT OLIVE ISN'T HOME!

BLOW ME DOWN! YA MEANS ME SWEETIE IS NOT TA HOME AN' I HAS WALKED ALL A THE WAY OVER TA SEE HER?
I'M SORRY, POPEYE
PHOOEY, I KIN NOT UNNERSTAN' IT - SHE MUS'A RUN DOWN TA THE STORE TA BUY SUMPIN' FER ME!
I WILL GO IN'A HOUSE AN' WAIT FER HER
OH, DEAR. I DO HOPE POPEYE DOESN'T TAKE OLIVE'S NOT BEING HERE TOO HARD- IT'S THE FIRST TIME HE'S EVER COME AND NOT FOUND HER WAITING FOR HIM
THE NEXT DAY
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, PAW? HE'S BEEN SITTING THERE ALL NIGHT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU THINK, BUT I THINK WE SHOULD CHARGE HIM BOARD OR COVER IT WITH A SHEET, SO OUR FRIENDS WON'T SEE IT!"
AND THE NEXT
A WEEK LATER
SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE, PAW - HE'S STILL THERE
BAH!
I THINK I'D BETTER TRY TO MAKE HIM TALK
POPEYE, WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME?
GOOD HEAVENS, PAW! YOU'D BETTER CALL A DOCTOR - HE'S JUST LIKE A STATUE - HE DOESN'T SHOW A SIGN OF LIFE!!

I'M DOCTOR KAPSUL - PLEASE OPEN YOUR MOUTH!
AH!
THAT WILL BE TEN DOLLARS, PLEASE!
WE MUST OPERATE IMMEDIATELY!
AH, BEAUTIFUL, I'LL CALL AN AMBULANCE. THIS WILL MAKE HISTORY!
NO! NO! DOCTOR, THE PATIENT IS OVER HERE!
OH, BOY! A PERFECT PATIENT— THIS IS A MOMENT I'VE DREAMED ABOUT - WHAT I COULDN'T DO TO THAT WITH A SCALPEL AND A CROSS-CUT SAW!
BUT, DOCTOR, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? HE'S BEEN LIKE THAT FOR SEVEN DAYS!
HM - SEVEN DAYS, AMAZING! HE'S SUFFERING FROM THE BEST CASE OF SELF-IMPOSED SUSPENDED ANIMATION I HAVE EVER SEEN - BROUGHT ON BY A SHOCK OF SOME KIND -
HE SEEMED QUITE SHOCKED WHEN HE FOUND OUR DAUGHTER WASN'T HOME WHEN HE CAME TO CALL
THAT'S WHAT DID IT!
ALL I'M INTERESTED IN IS WHEN WILL HE SNAP OUT OF IT AND GO HOME?
OH, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT - AS SOON AS YOUR DAUGHTER COMES HOME, HE'LL POP BACK TO LIFE AND BE AS GOOD AS NEW
OH, HEAVENS! OLIVE WON'T BE BACK FOR SIX MONTHS!!
?
?
?

HM! THAT MAKES IT RATHER DIFFICULT – IN SIX MONTHS HE WOULD STARVE – I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOME-THING
LET'S SEE – AN APPENDECTOMY WOULD HELP MY FEE, BUT IT WOULDN'T DO HIM MUCH GOOD – AH! I HAVE IT!
MRS. OYL . DO YOU HAVE A LARGE HAT PIN?
YES, DOCTOR
THIS WILL BE FINE – I'LL GIVE HIM A JAB WITH IT AND IT WILL SHOCK HIM OUT OF HIS COMA
OH, DEAR!
WELL, DOC, DID IT WORK?
I HOPE YOU DIDN'T HURT HIM!
BAH!
*!!
PHOOEY
#★!!
PHOOEY! DOES THIS PIN LOOK LIKE I HAD SUCCESS?
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH TOUGH SKIN!
I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GIVE HIM A TERRIFIC SHOCK
PLEASE THINK OF SOME-THING, DOCTOR
HM!
HM?
HM!
HM?
HM!
HM?
HM!
HM?
HM!
HM?
HM!
AH!
MR. OYL, DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A FEW STICKS OF DYNAMITE?


TWO STICKS OF DYNAMITE EXPLODING UNDER HIS CHIN SHOULD SNAP HIM BACK TO NORMAL
BOY, WHAT A SHOCK HE'S GOING TO GET! WAIT TILL I TELL THE BOYS AT THE HOSPITAL ABOUT THIS ONE!
PST
BAM!
THAT'S GOOD DYNAMITE, MR. OYL!
PHOOEY!
GOOD HEAVENS! LOOK AT POPEYE - HE HASN'T MOVED AN INCH!
?

I WITHDRAW FROM THE CASE -
THE NEXT TIME YOU WANT A DOCTOR FOR THAT THING SEND FOR A SCULPTOR!
I'M GOING BACK TO PLAIN GERMS!

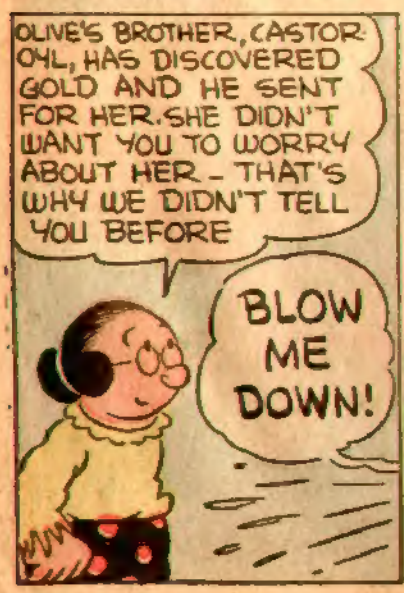
PAW, I KNOW HOW WE CAN WAKE POPEYE —
WELL, DO IT - THEN TELL HIM WHERE OLIVE IS, SO HE'LL LEAVE US ALONE

I'LL JUST PUT SOME OF THIS DEHYDRATED SPINACH IN HIS PIPE AND LIGHT IT - IT WILL BE SURE TO WAKE HIM UP

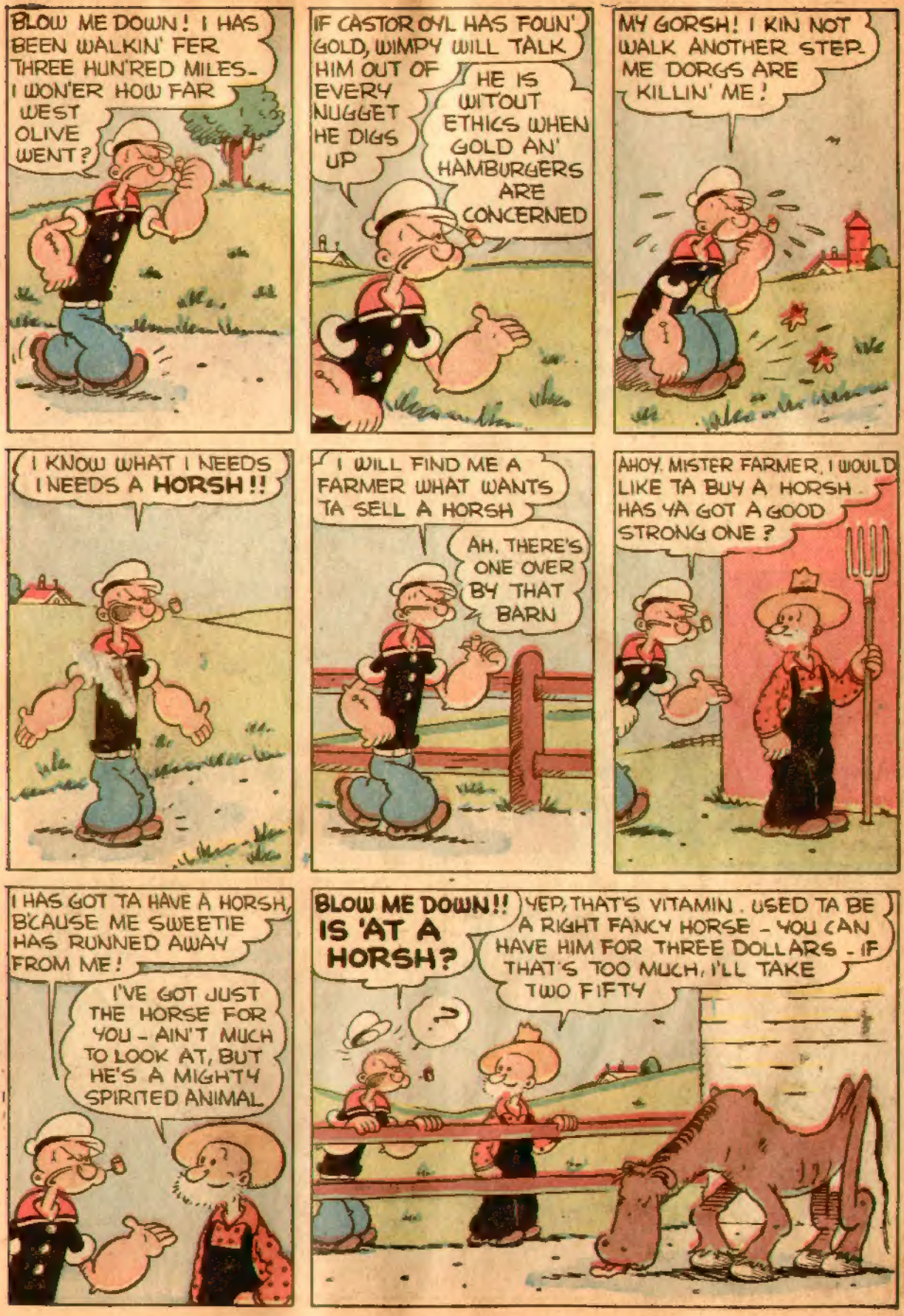
SEE, HE'S PUFFING ON IT NOW - AS SOON AS HE'S AWAKE, I'LL TELL HIM OLIVE'S GONE OUT WEST WITH MR. WIMPY -

WHAT? YA MEANS WIMPY HAS RUNNED ORF WIT' ME SWEETIE!!

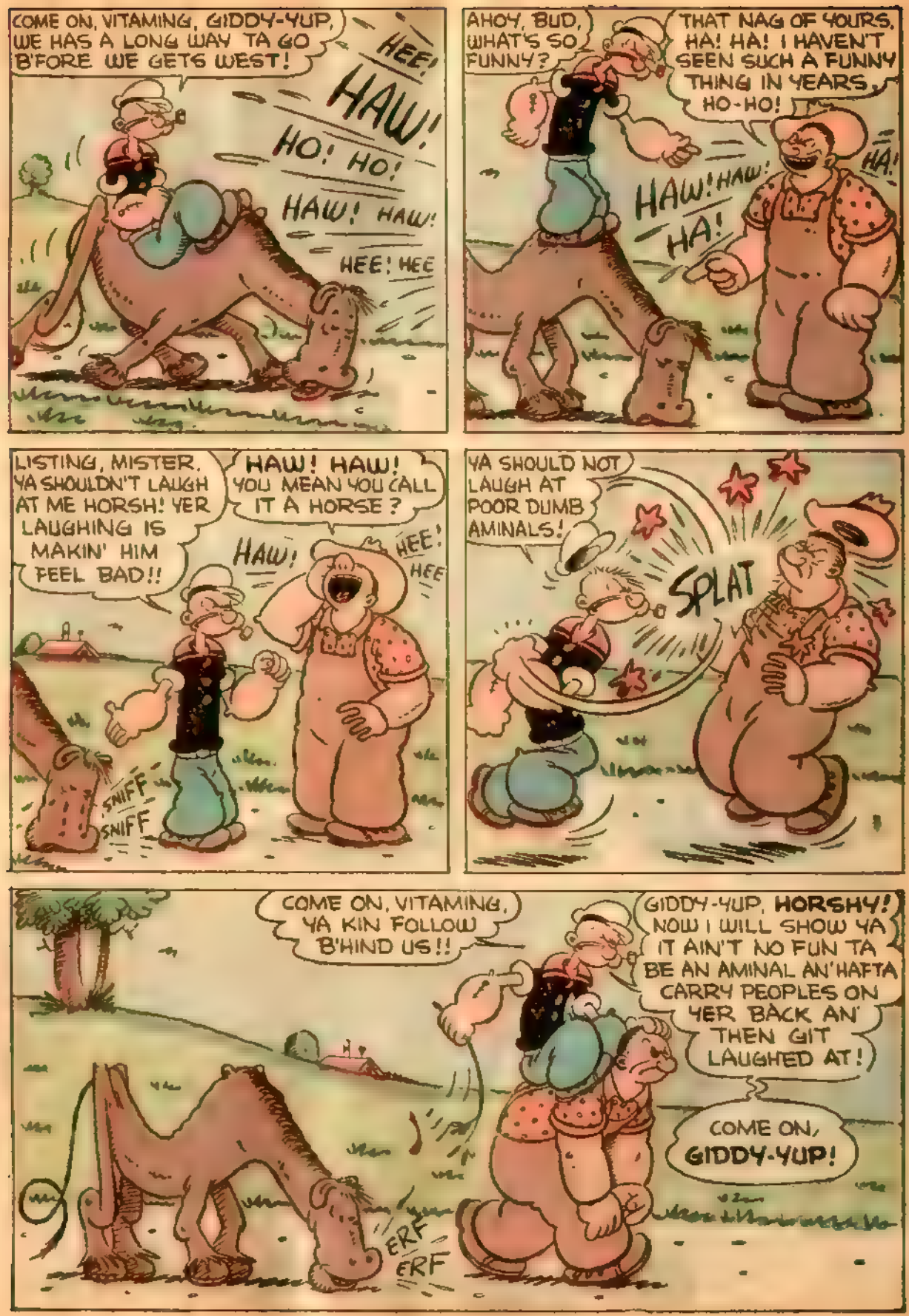
OH, NO - MR. WIMPY WAS KIND ENOUGH TO GO WITH HER TO PROTECT HER FROM INDIANS AND BAD MEN
BUT WHY DID SHE WANT TA GO OUT WEST FER ?

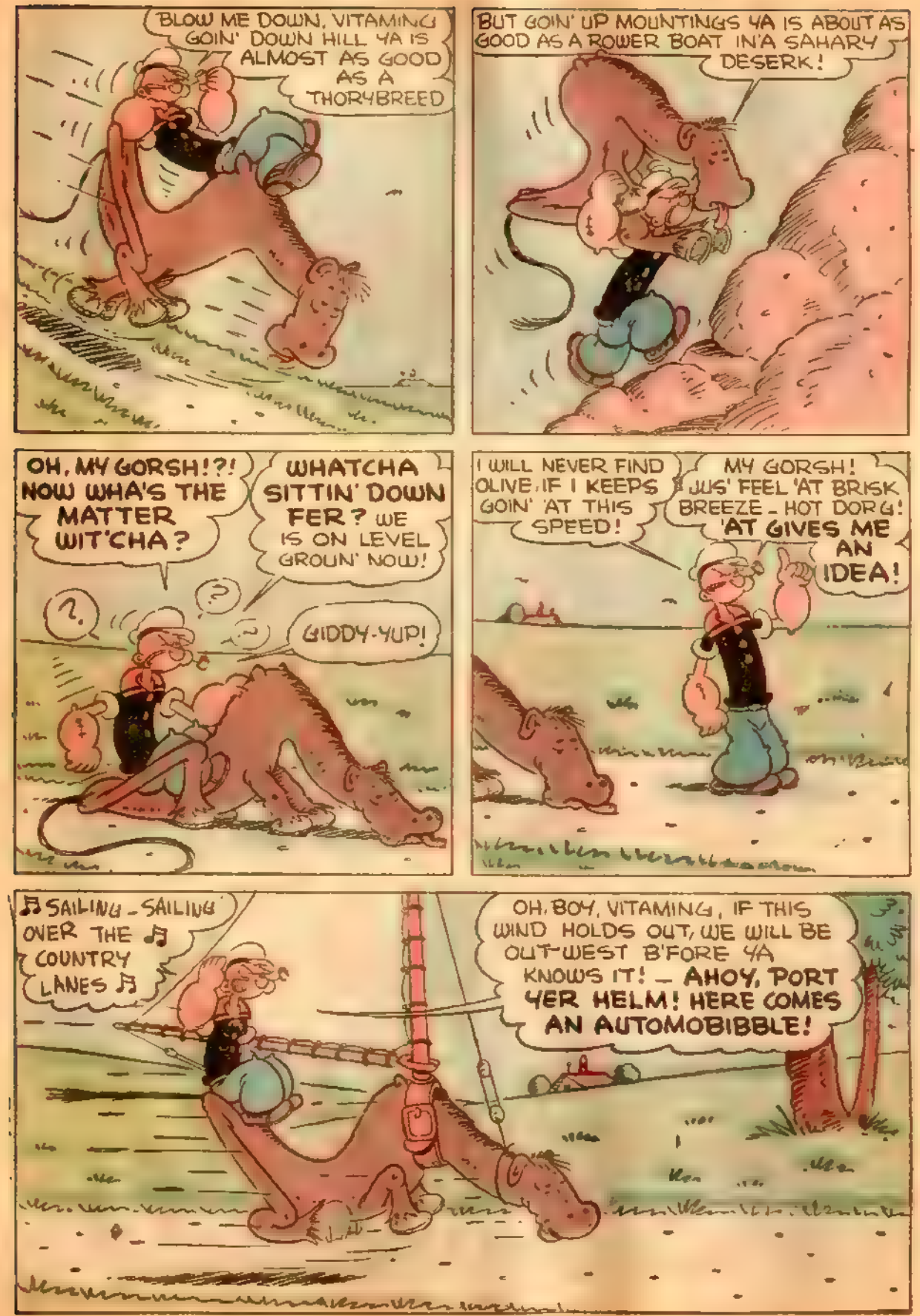

OLIVE'S BROTHER, CASTOR OYL, HAS DISCOVERED GOLD AND HE SENT FOR HER. SHE DIDN'T WANT YOU TO WORRY ABOUT HER - THAT'S WHY WE DIDN'T TELL YOU BEFORE
BLOW ME DOWN!

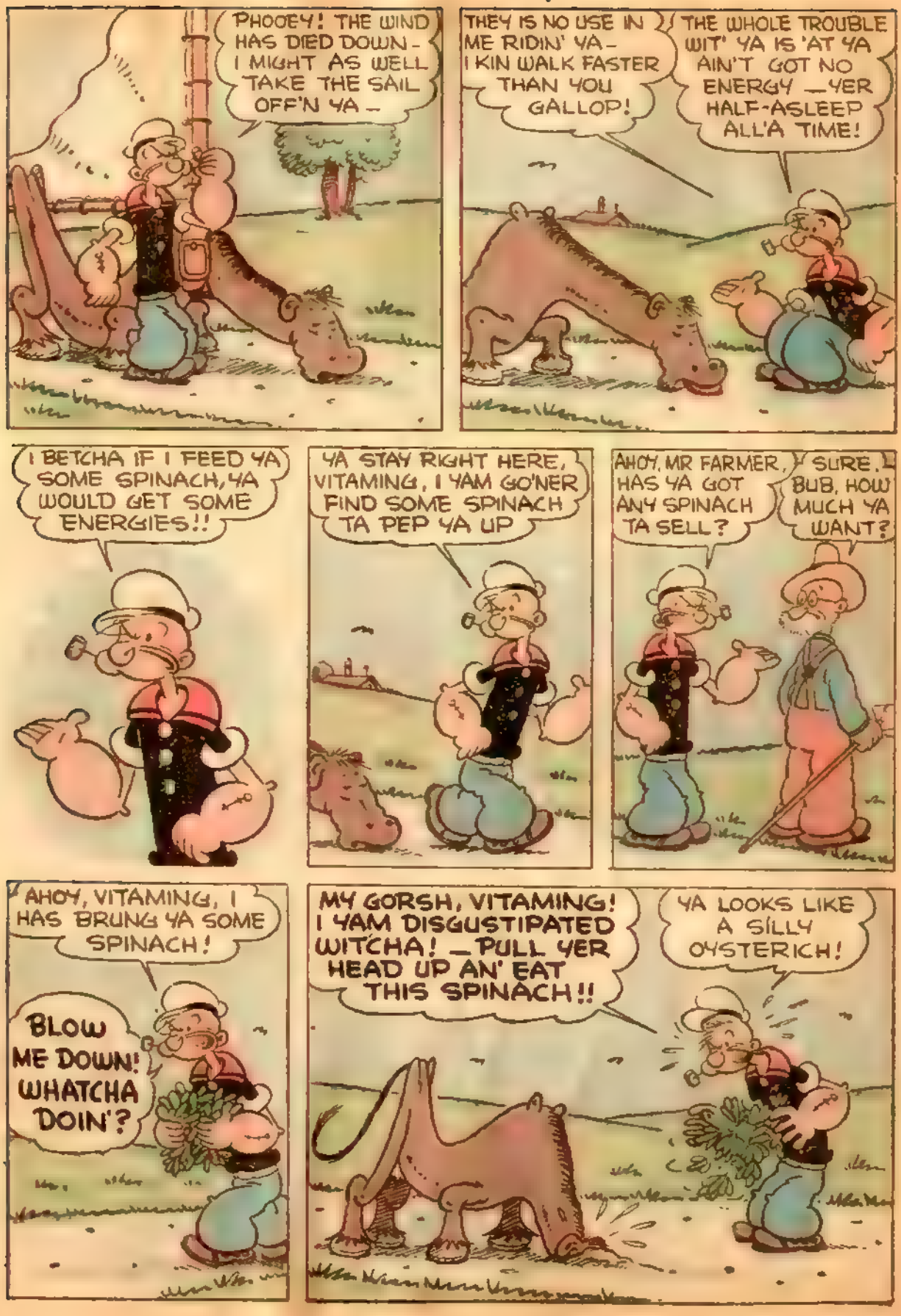
WAIT A MINUTE, POPEYE, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I YAM GOIN' WEST - I YAM GOIN' OUT AN' PERTECT OLIVE AN' CASTOR FROM WIMPY!

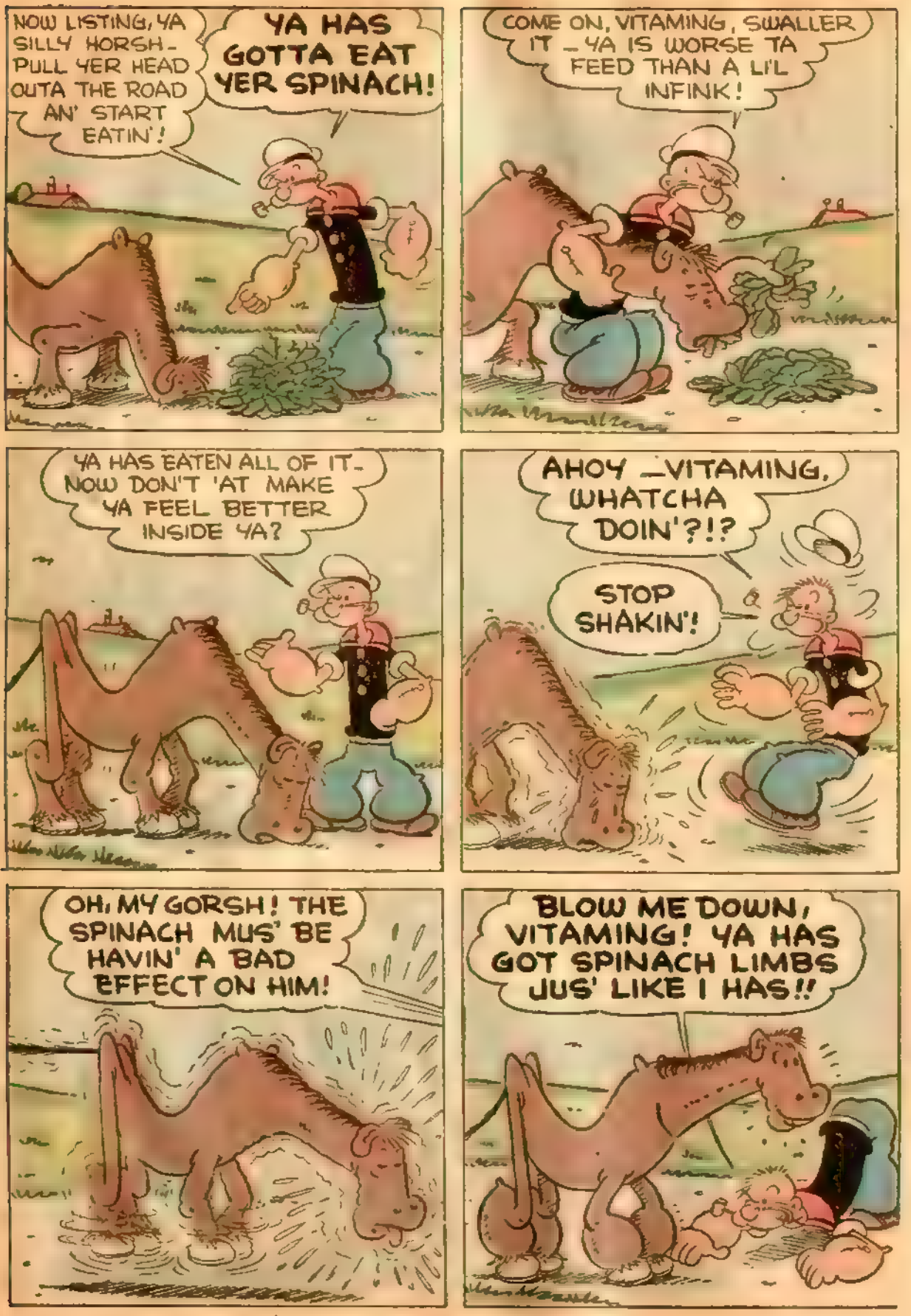

BLOW ME DOWN! I HAS BEEN WALKIN' FER THREE HUN'RED MILES- I WON'ER HOW FAR WEST OLIVE WENT?
IF CASTOR OYL HAS FOUN' GOLD, WIMPY WILL TALK HIM OUT OF EVERY NUGGET HE DIGS UP
HE IS WITOUT ETHICS WHEN GOLD AN' HAMBURGERS ARE CONCERNED
MY GORSH! I KIN NOT WALK ANOTHER STEP. ME DORGS ARE KILLIN' ME!
I KNOW WHAT I NEEDS I NEEDS A HORSH!!
I WILL FIND ME A FARMER WHAT WANTS TA SELL A HORSH
AH, THERE'S ONE OVER BY THAT BARN
AHOY, MISTER FARMER, I WOULD LIKE TA BUY A HORSH. HAS YA GOT A GOOD STRONG ONE?
I HAS GOT TA HAVE A HORSH, B'CAUSE ME SWEETIE HAS RUNNED AWAY FROM ME!
I'VE GOT JUST THE HORSE FOR YOU - AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT HE'S A MIGHTY SPIRITED ANIMAL
BLOW ME DOWN!! IS 'AT A HORSH?
?
YEP, THAT'S VITAMIN. USED TA BE A RIGHT FANCY HORSE - YOU CAN HAVE HIM FOR THREE DOLLARS - IF THAT'S TOO MUCH, I'LL TAKE TWO FIFTY

JUST STAY ON THIS ROAD. IT'S GOING WEST - AND I HOPE YOU FIND YOUR SWEETIE!
AHOY, HORSH, HOIST YER ANCHOR AN' LE'S GET GOIN'!
BLOW ME DOWN! I HOPES YA DOES NOT BUST IN HALF!
AVAST, VITAMING, PUT ON MORE SAIL - LE'S HAVE SOME SPEED!
I GOTTA FIN' OLIVE
OH, MY GORSH! NOW WHA'S THE MATTER?
WHATCHA STOPPIN' FER?
I YAM DISGUSTIPATED AN' DUMBFOUNDIT - YA MEANS YA HASN'T GOT ENOUGH STRENGT' TA CLIMB OVER 'AT LITTLE ROCK?
PHOOEY! I WILL HELP YA OVER IT!
WHAT YA DOIN', MISTER?
I YAM TRYIN' TA LIFT ME HORSH OVER 'AT ROCK, B'CAUSE HE CAN'T CLIMB OVER IT!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THAT, MISTER, I'LL JUST MOVE THE STONE OUT OF HIS WAY!
MY GORSH! I YAM EMBARRISKET AN' IGMORANT! I DIDN'T EVEN THINK OF DOIN' 'AT!

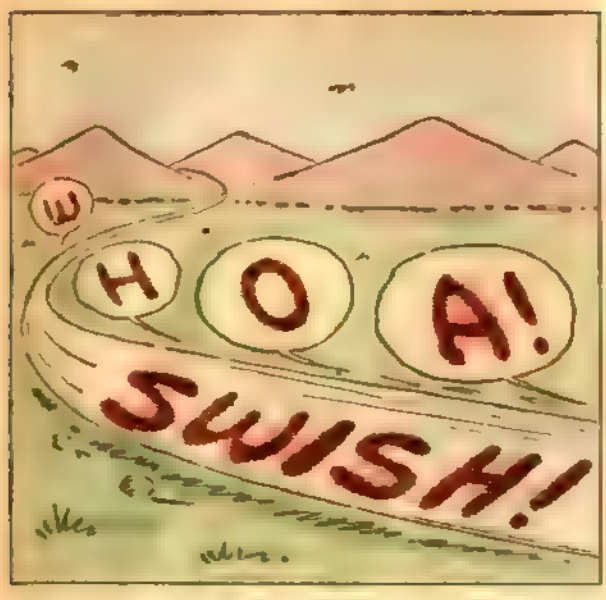

COME ON, VITAMING, GIDDY-YUP, WE HAS A LONG WAY TA GO B'FORE WE GETS WEST!
HEE! HAW! HO! HO! HAW! HAW! HEE! HEE
AHOY, BUD, WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
THAT NAG OF YOURS, HA! HA! I HAVEN'T SEEN SUCH A FUNNY THING IN YEARS, HO-HO!
HAW! HAW! HA! HA!
LISTING, MISTER, YA SHOULDN'T LAUGH AT ME HORSH! YER LAUGHING IS MAKIN' HIM FEEL BAD!!
HAW! HAW! YOU MEAN YOU CALL IT A HORSE?
HAW! HEE! HEE
SNIFF SNIFF
YA SHOULD NOT LAUGH AT POOR DUMB AMINALS!
SPLAT
COME ON, VITAMING, YA KIN FOLLOW B'HIND US!!
GIDDY-YUP, HORSHY! NOW I WILL SHOW YA IT AIN'T NO FUN TA BE AN AMINAL AN' HAFTA CARRY PEOPLES ON YER BACK AN' THEN GIT LAUGHED AT!
COME ON, GIDDY-YUP!
ERF ERF

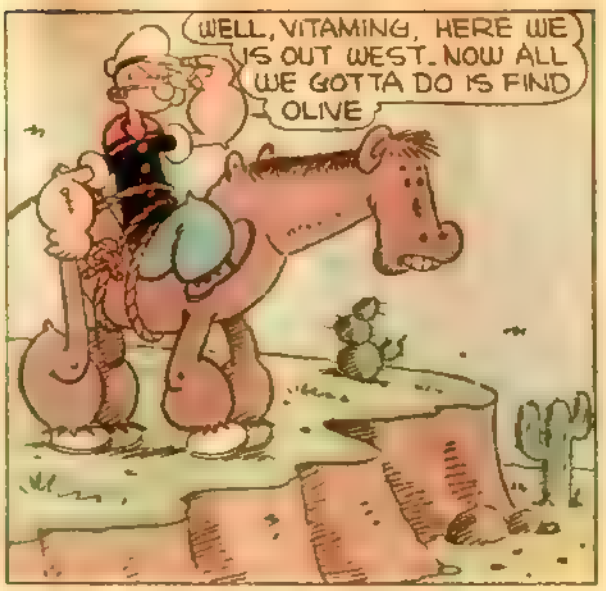

BLOW ME DOWN, VITAMING GOIN' DOWN HILL YA IS ALMOST AS GOOD AS A THORYBREED
BUT GOIN' UP MOUNTINGS YA IS ABOUT AS GOOD AS A ROWER BOAT IN A SAHARY DESERK!
OH, MY GORSH!?! NOW WHA'S THE MATTER WIT'CHA?
WHATCHA SITTIN' DOWN FER? WE IS ON LEVEL GROUN' NOW!
GIDDY-YUP!
I WILL NEVER FIND OLIVE, IF I KEEPS GOIN' 'AT THIS SPEED!
MY GORSH! JUS' FEEL 'AT BRISK BREEZE - HOT DORG! 'AT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
♫ SAILING - SAILING OVER THE ♫ COUNTRY LANES ♫
OH, BOY, VITAMING, IF THIS WIND HOLDS OUT, WE WILL BE OUT-WEST B'FORE YA KNOWS IT! - AHOY, PORT YER HELM! HERE COMES AN AUTOMOBIBBLE!

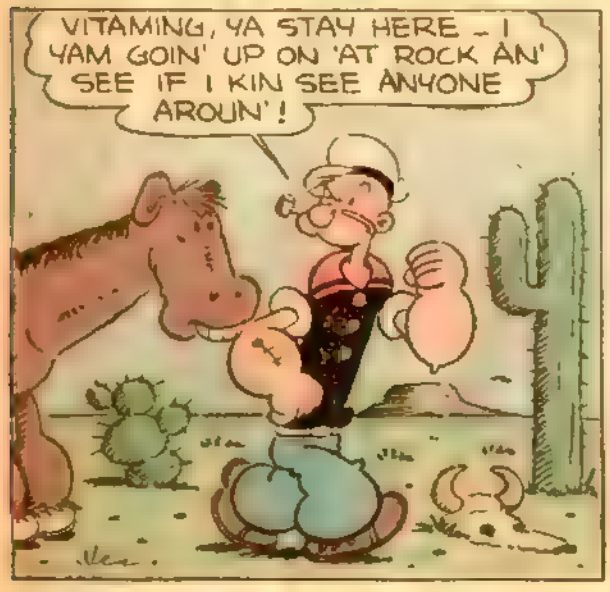

PHOOEY! THE WIND HAS DIED DOWN - I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THE SAIL OFF'N YA -
THEY IS NO USE IN ME RIDIN' YA - I KIN WALK FASTER THAN YOU GALLOP!
THE WHOLE TROUBLE WIT' YA IS 'AT YA AIN'T GOT NO ENERGY - YER HALF-ASLEEP ALL'A TIME!
I BETCHA IF I FEED YA SOME SPINACH, YA WOULD GET SOME ENERGIES!!
YA STAY RIGHT HERE, VITAMING, I YAM GO'NER FIND SOME SPINACH TA PEP YA UP
AHOY, MR FARMER, HAS YA GOT ANY SPINACH TA SELL?
SURE, BUB, HOW MUCH YA WANT?
AHOY, VITAMING, I HAS BRUNG YA SOME SPINACH!
BLOW ME DOWN! WHATCHA DOIN'?
MY GORSH, VITAMING! I YAM DISGUSTIPATED WITCHA! - PULL YER HEAD UP AN' EAT THIS SPINACH!!
YA LOOKS LIKE A SILLY OYSTERICH!


NOW LISTING, YA SILLY HORSH - PULL YER HEAD OUTA THE ROAD AN' START EATIN'!
YA HAS GOTTA EAT YER SPINACH!
COME ON, VITAMING, SWALLER IT - YA IS WORSE TA FEED THAN A LI'L INFINK!
YA HAS EATEN ALL OF IT - NOW DON'T 'AT MAKE YA FEEL BETTER INSIDE YA?
AHOY - VITAMING, WHATCHA DOIN'?!?
STOP SHAKIN'!
OH, MY GORSH! THE SPINACH MUS' BE HAVIN' A BAD EFFECT ON HIM!
BLOW ME DOWN, VITAMING! YA HAS GOT SPINACH LIMBS JUS' LIKE I HAS!!

OKAY, VITAMING, LE'S SEE IF YA KIN MOVE ANY FASTER NOW
COME ON, VITAMING-
-GIDDY-UP!
SWISH
BLOW ME DOWN! I GUESS I GIVED HIM A LITTLE TOO MUCH SPINACH!
AHOY, VITAMING, COME BACK HERE!
'ER TOO FAST FER ME TA HANG ONTA YA - I WILL HAFTA GET SOME ROPE AN' TIE MESELF ON 'ER BACK
OKAY, VITAMING, LE'S TRY AGIN-
START KINDA SLOW, SO'S I KIN GIT USED TA THE SPEED
A FEW SECONDS LATER AND TEN MILES WEST!
WHAT WAS THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE A CYCLONE!
SWISH

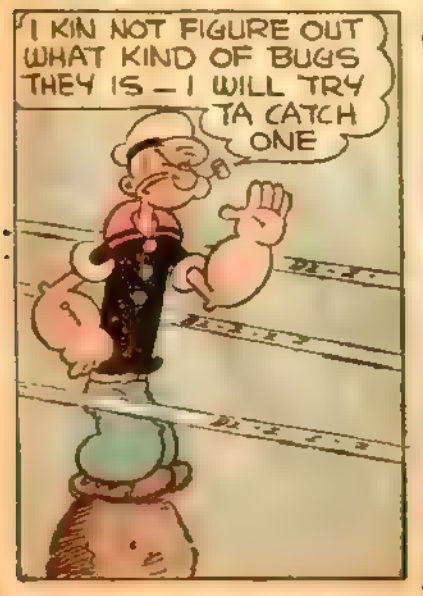

WHOA!
SWISH!


WELL, VITAMING, HERE WE IS OUT WEST. NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS FIND OLIVE

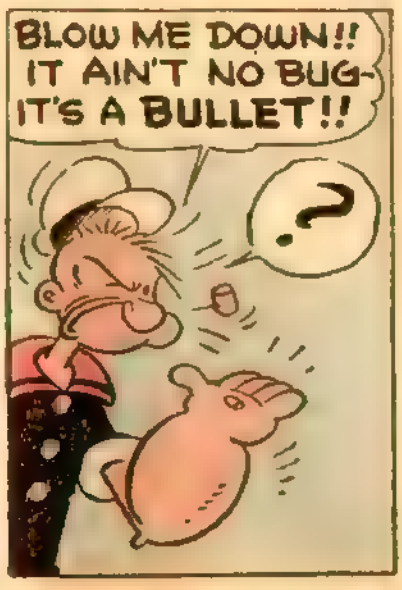

VITAMING, YA STAY HERE – I YAM GOIN' UP ON 'AT ROCK AN' SEE IF I KIN SEE ANYONE AROUN'!

I KIN SEE FER MILES FROM UP HERE!

WHAT TH'!? THEY IS BEES OR HORSH FLIES BUZZIN' AROUN' HERE!


I KIN NOT FIGURE OUT WHAT KIND OF BUGS THEY IS – I WILL TRY TA CATCH ONE

AH, GOT ONE!
SPLAT


BLOW ME DOWN!! IT AIN'T NO BUG- IT'S A BULLET!!
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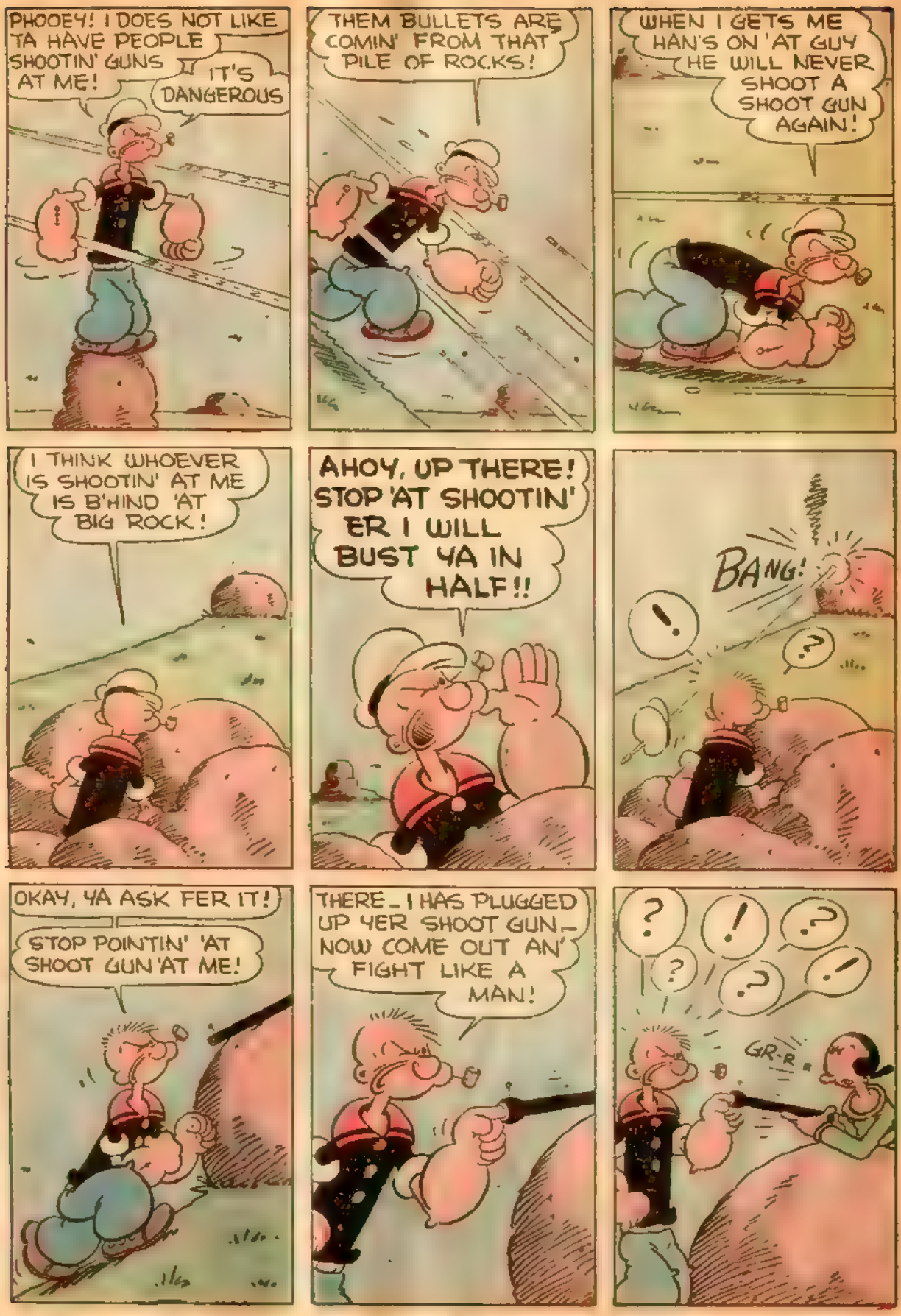
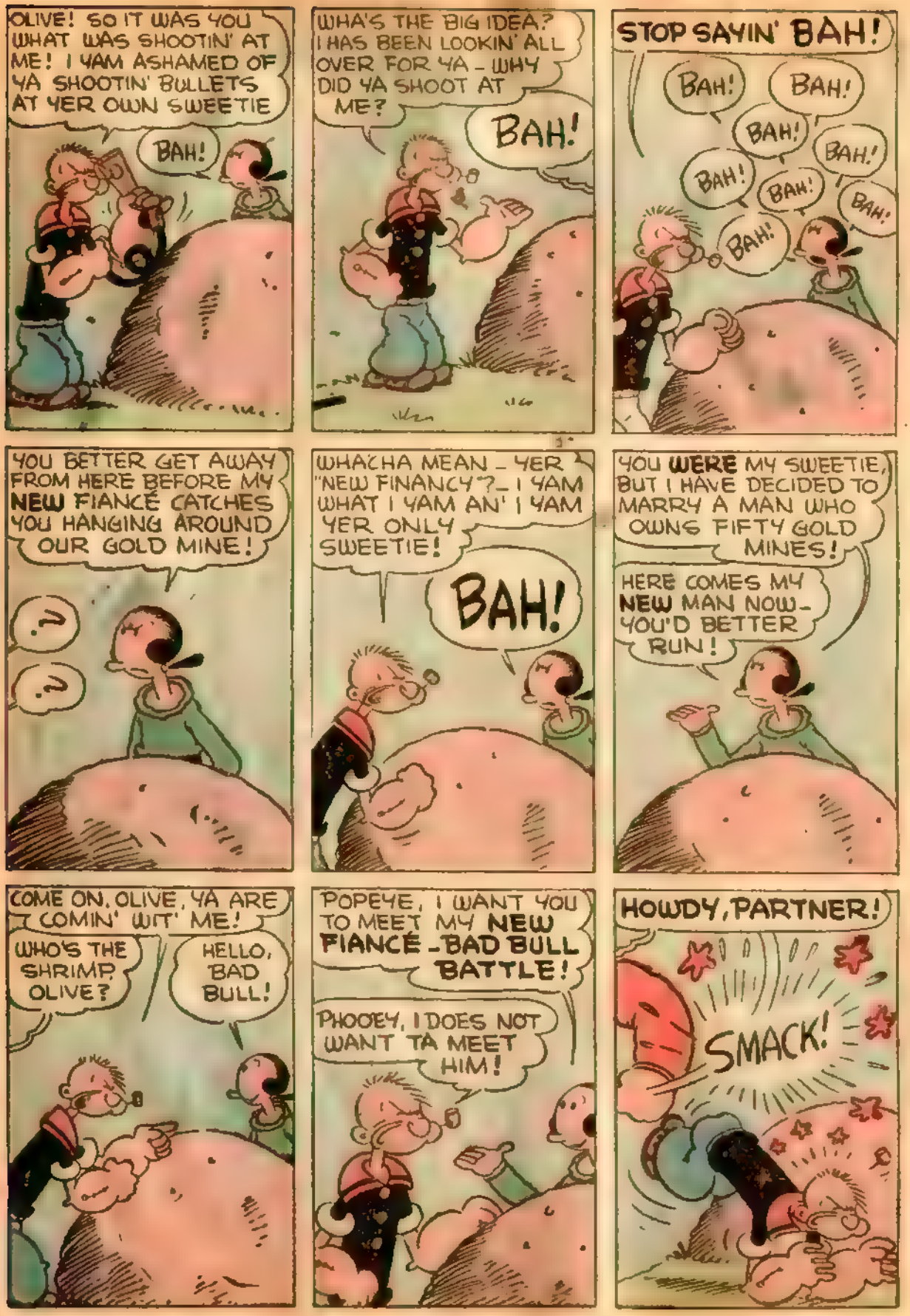
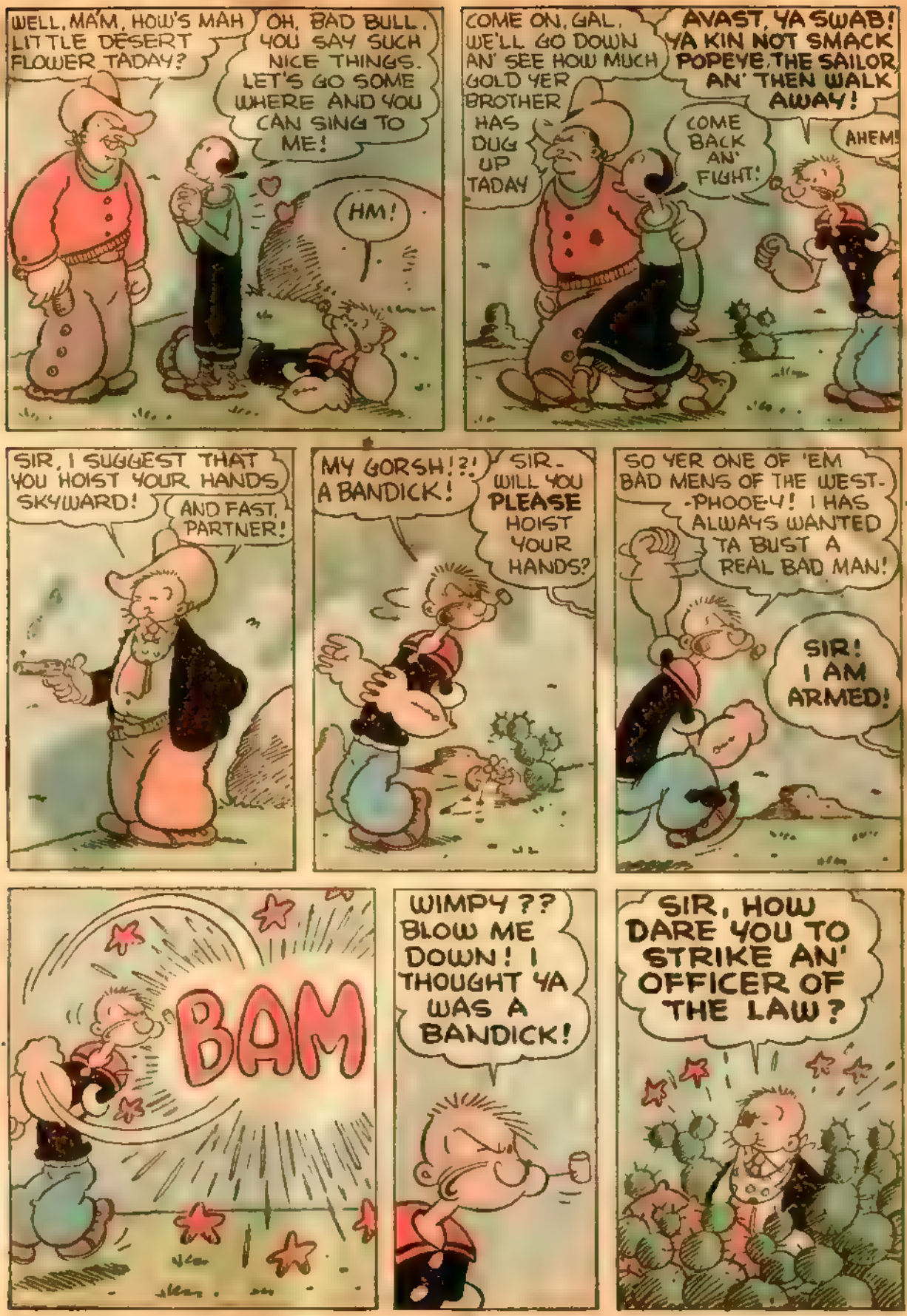
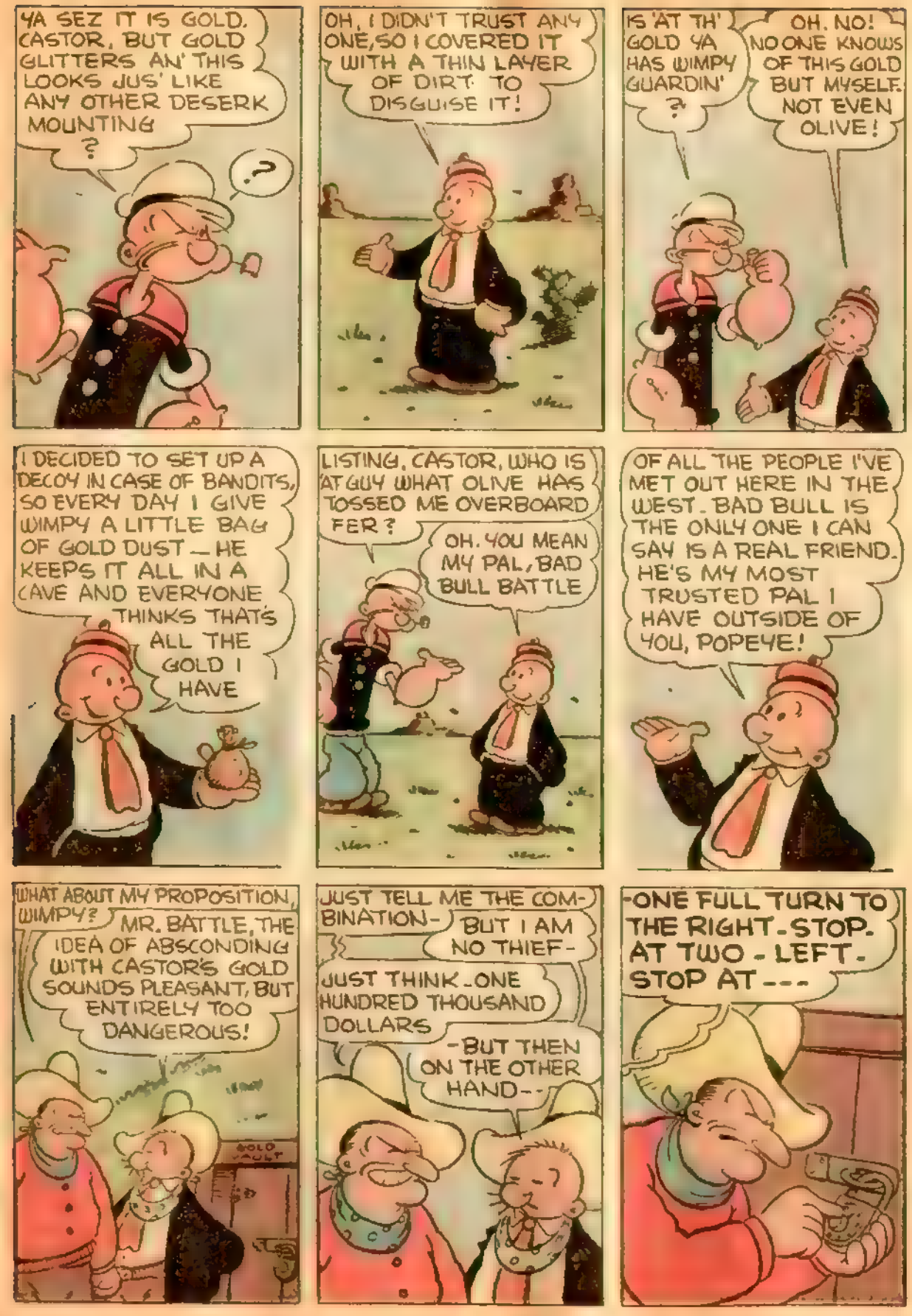

PHOOEY! I DOES NOT LIKE TA HAVE PEOPLE SHOOTIN' GUNS AT ME!
IT'S DANGEROUS
THEM BULLETS ARE COMIN' FROM THAT PILE OF ROCKS!
WHEN I GETS ME HAN'S ON 'AT GUY HE WILL NEVER SHOOT A SHOOT GUN AGAIN!
I THINK WHOEVER IS SHOOTIN' AT ME IS B'HIND 'AT BIG ROCK!
AHOY, UP THERE! STOP 'AT SHOOTIN' ER I WILL BUST YA IN HALF!!
BANG!
!
?
OKAY, YA ASK FER IT!
STOP POINTIN' 'AT SHOOT GUN 'AT ME!
THERE - I HAS PLUGGED UP YER SHOOT GUN - NOW COME OUT AN' FIGHT LIKE A MAN!
? ! .? ? .? .!
GR-R

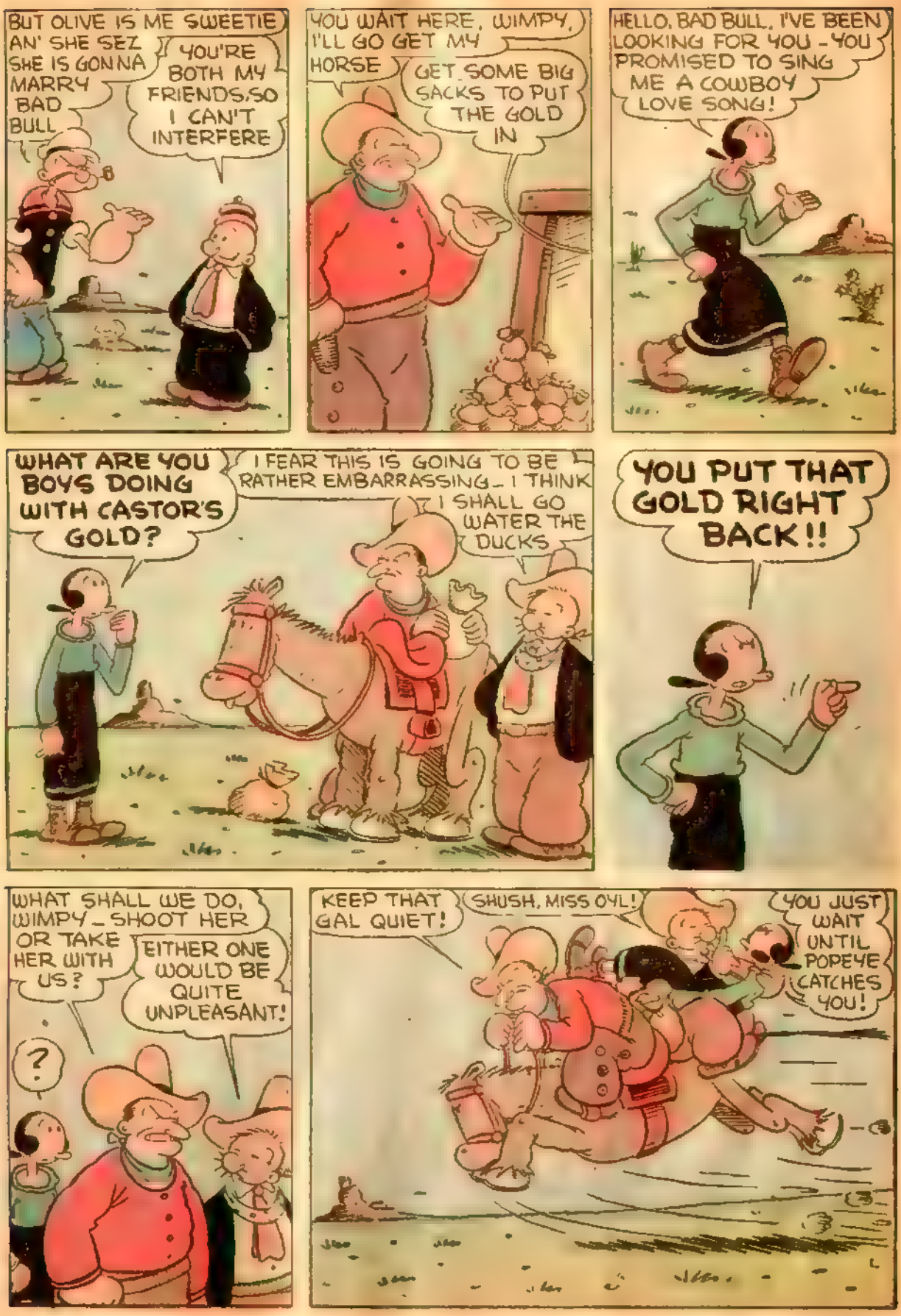

OLIVE! SO IT WAS YOU WHAT WAS SHOOTIN' AT ME! I YAM ASHAMED OF YA SHOOTIN' BULLETS AT YER OWN SWEETIE
BAH!
WHA'S THE BIG IDEA? I HAS BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR YA - WHY DID YA SHOOT AT ME?
BAH!
STOP SAYIN' BAH!
BAH!
BAH!
BAH!
BAH!
BAH!
BAH!
BAH!
YOU BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE MY NEW FIANCÉ CATCHES YOU HANGING AROUND OUR GOLD MINE!
.?
.?
WHACHA MEAN - YER "NEW FINANCY"? - I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' I YAM YER ONLY SWEETIE!
BAH!
YOU WERE MY SWEETIE, BUT I HAVE DECIDED TO MARRY A MAN WHO OWNS FIFTY GOLD MINES!
HERE COMES MY NEW MAN NOW - YOU'D BETTER RUN!
COME ON, OLIVE, YA ARE COMIN' WIT' ME!
WHO'S THE SHRIMP, OLIVE?
HELLO, BAD BULL!
POPEYE, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY NEW FIANCÉ - BAD BULL BATTLE!
PHOOEY, I DOES NOT WANT TA MEET HIM!
HOWDY, PARTNER!
SMACK!


WELL, MA'M, HOW'S MAH LITTLE DESERT FLOWER TADAY?
OH, BAD BULL. YOU SAY SUCH NICE THINGS. LET'S GO SOME WHERE AND YOU CAN SING TO ME!
HM!
COME ON, GAL. WE'LL GO DOWN AN' SEE HOW MUCH GOLD YER BROTHER HAS DUG UP TADAY
AVAST, YA SWAB! YA KIN NOT SMACK POPEYE, THE SAILOR AN' THEN WALK AWAY!
COME BACK AN' FIGHT!
AHEM!
SIR, I SUGGEST THAT YOU HOIST YOUR HANDS SKYWARD!
AND FAST, PARTNER!
MY GORSH!?! A BANDICK!
SIR. WILL YOU PLEASE HOIST YOUR HANDS?
SO YER ONE OF 'EM BAD MENS OF THE WEST--PHOOEY! I HAS ALWAYS WANTED TA BUST A REAL BAD MAN!
SIR! I AM ARMED!
BAM
WIMPY?? BLOW ME DOWN! I THOUGHT YA WAS A BANDICK!
SIR, HOW DARE YOU TO STRIKE AN' OFFICER OF THE LAW?

WHATCHA MEAN YER A POLICEMAN? WHO'D EVER TRUST YOU TA PERTECK 'EM?
POPEYE, I AM A DEPUTY SHERIFF!
I WAS OFFICIALLY DEPUTIZED AN OFFICER OF THE LAW TO GUARD MR. OYL'S GOLD!
ARF-ARF-WIMPY-DOES YA KNOW WHAT YA LIT IN WHEN I SMACKED YA?
ARF!
?
ARF
ARF!
GOOD HEAVENS!! CACTUS!!
?
!
YA LOOKS JUS' LIKE A PORKYPINE! ARF! ARF!
WIMPY - I YAM WORRIED ABOUT OLIVE - SHE SEZ THAT BIG GUY, BAD BULL, IS HER NEW FINANCY!
I DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TA THINK!
I DON'T KNOW IF SHE LOVES ME ER NOT
WILL YOU PLEASE HELP ME PULL OUT THESE CACTUS NEEDLES?
SHE LOVES ME? SHE LOVES ME NOT? SHE LOVES ME? SHE LOVES--
?
?
?
SIR! I AM NO DAISY TO BE PLUCKED IN SEARCH OF YOUR ANSWER!
PLEASE REMOVE THE BARBS WITH LESS ZEST!

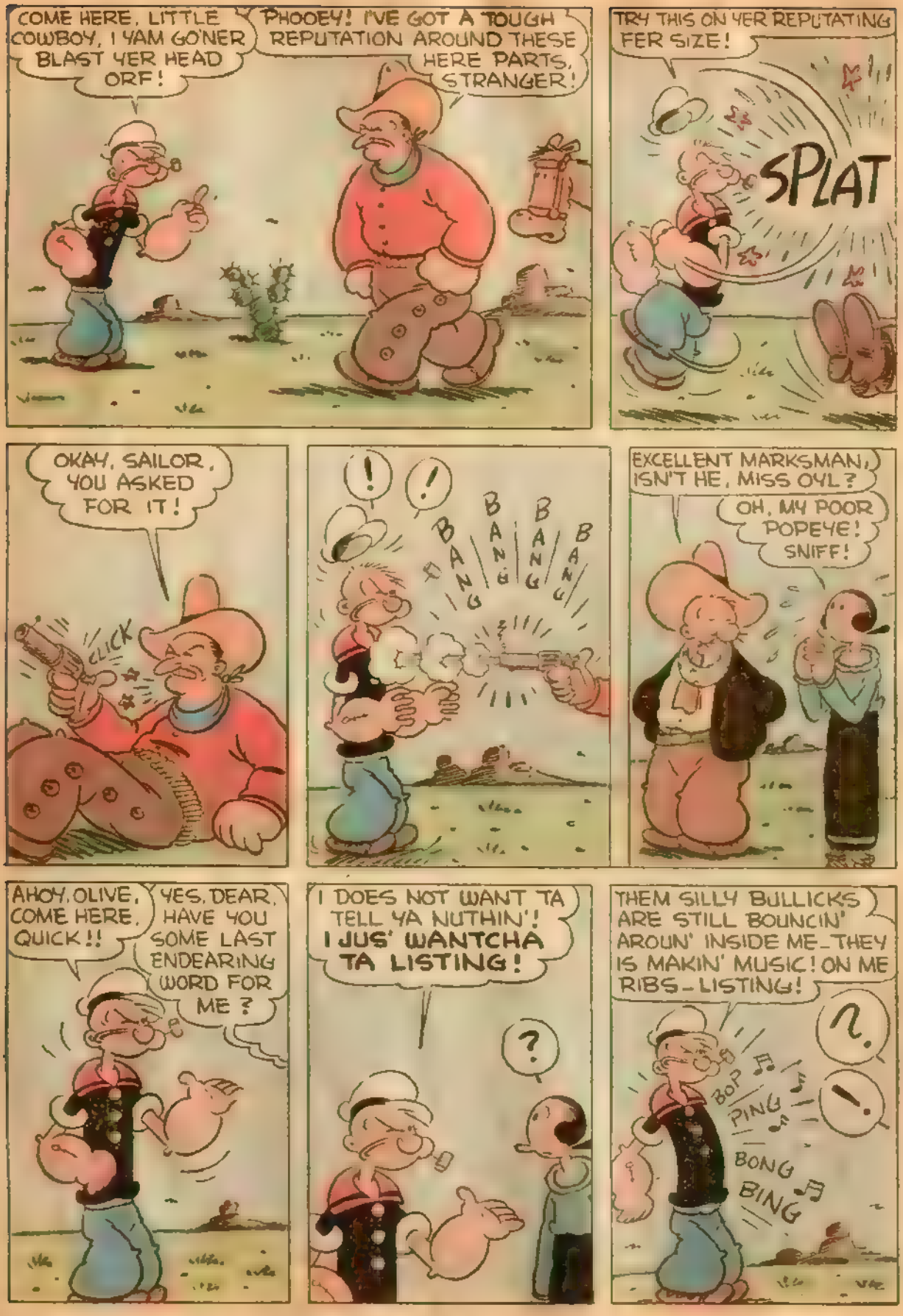
WHERE'S CASTOR'S GOLD MINE, WIMPY?
IT'S JUST OVER THAT HILL – YOU CAN'T MISS IT!
MY GORSH, BUT THIS IS A BIG HILL!
PUFF
PUFF
GOIN' DOWN WILL BE EASY-
OOOPS! I SLIPPED! I YAM FALLIN'!
I GUESS I HAS ARRIVED!
THE CASTOR OYL GOLD MINE KEEP OUT!
SPLAT
HEY, YOU!! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF JARRING MY MINE?
A JAR LIKE THAT MIGHT CAUSE A CAVE-IN!
AHOY, CASTOR, DOESN'T YA KNOW ME? I YAM YER OL' PAL, POPEYE!
WELL, I'LL BE --- POPEYE! YOU OLD SEA DOG! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!
YA HAS A SWELL MINE, CASTOR, BUT WHERE'S ALL OF YER GOLD?
OH, THE GOLD? I HAVE MOST OF IT HIDDEN – THAT HILL YOU JUST FELL OFF OF IS SOLID GOLD!
YA MEANS 'AT MOUNTING I JUS' CLIMBED OVER IS ALL GOLD?
EVERY CUBIC INCH OF IT!
QUITE A PILE - ISN'T IT?


YA SEZ IT IS GOLD, CASTOR, BUT GOLD GLITTERS AN' THIS LOOKS JUS' LIKE ANY OTHER DESERK MOUNTING ?
?
OH, I DIDN'T TRUST ANY ONE, SO I COVERED IT WITH A THIN LAYER OF DIRT TO DISGUISE IT!
IS 'AT TH' GOLD YA HAS WIMPY GUARDIN' ?
OH, NO! NO ONE KNOWS OF THIS GOLD BUT MYSELF. NOT EVEN OLIVE!
I DECIDED TO SET UP A DECOY IN CASE OF BANDITS, SO EVERY DAY I GIVE WIMPY A LITTLE BAG OF GOLD DUST — HE KEEPS IT ALL IN A CAVE AND EVERYONE THINKS THAT'S ALL THE GOLD I HAVE
LISTING, CASTOR, WHO IS AT GUY WHAT OLIVE HAS TOSSED ME OVERBOARD FER?
OH, YOU MEAN MY PAL, BAD BULL BATTLE
OF ALL THE PEOPLE I'VE MET OUT HERE IN THE WEST. BAD BULL IS THE ONLY ONE I CAN SAY IS A REAL FRIEND. HE'S MY MOST TRUSTED PAL I HAVE OUTSIDE OF YOU, POPEYE!
WHAT ABOUT MY PROPOSITION, WIMPY?
MR. BATTLE, THE IDEA OF ABSCONDING WITH CASTOR'S GOLD SOUNDS PLEASANT, BUT ENTIRELY TOO DANGEROUS!
GOLD VAULT
JUST TELL ME THE COMBINATION-
BUT I AM NO THIEF-
JUST THINK-ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS
-BUT THEN ON THE OTHER HAND--
-ONE FULL TURN TO THE RIGHT-STOP. AT TWO - LEFT - STOP AT ---

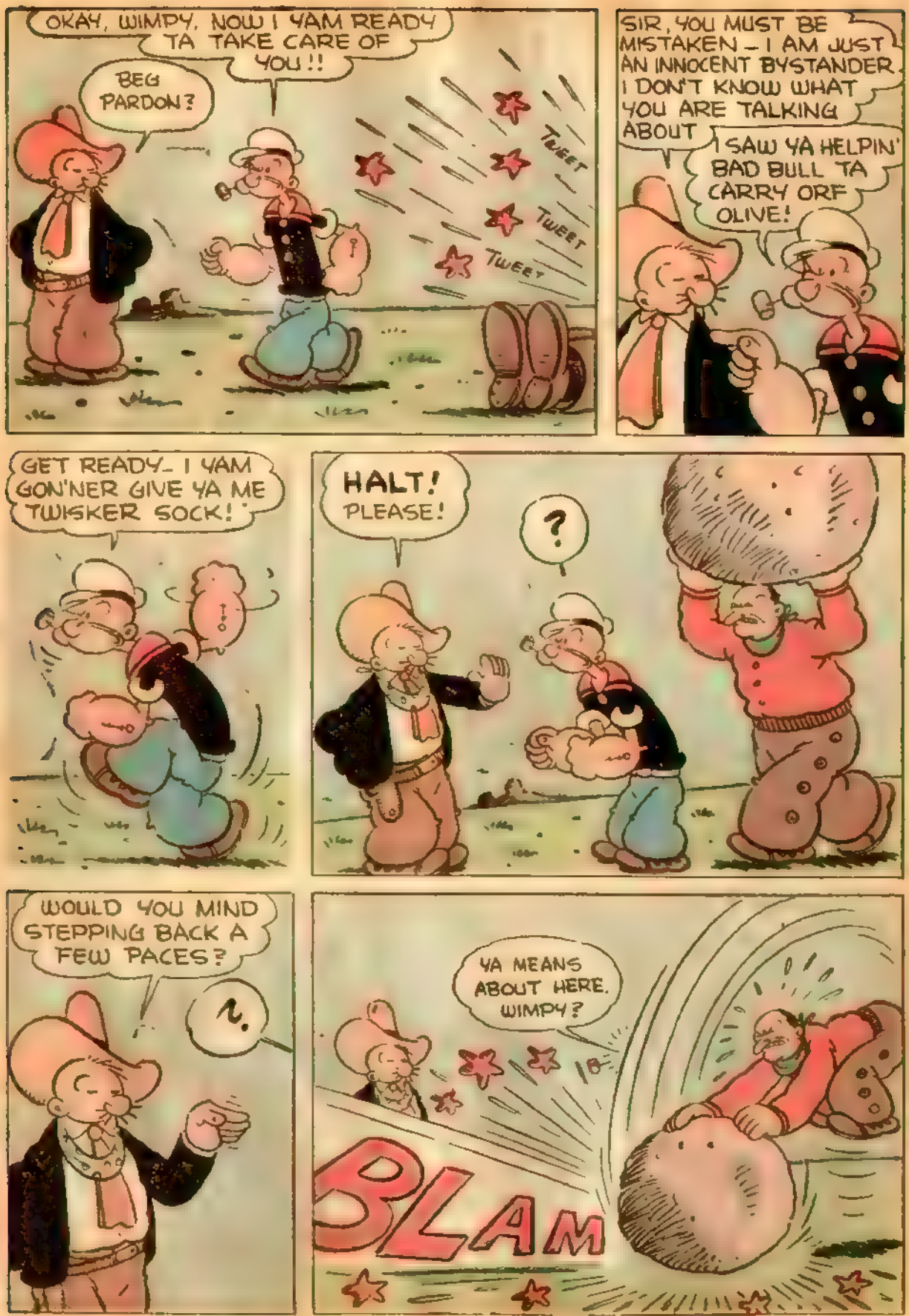

BUT OLIVE IS ME SWEETIE AN' SHE SEZ SHE IS GONNA MARRY BAD BULL
YOU'RE BOTH MY FRIENDS, SO I CAN'T INTERFERE
YOU WAIT HERE, WIMPY, I'LL GO GET MY HORSE
GET SOME BIG SACKS TO PUT THE GOLD IN
HELLO, BAD BULL, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU - YOU PROMISED TO SING ME A COWBOY LOVE SONG!
WHAT ARE YOU BOYS DOING WITH CASTOR'S GOLD?
I FEAR THIS IS GOING TO BE RATHER EMBARRASSING - I THINK I SHALL GO WATER THE DUCKS
YOU PUT THAT GOLD RIGHT BACK!!
WHAT SHALL WE DO, WIMPY - SHOOT HER OR TAKE HER WITH US?
?
EITHER ONE WOULD BE QUITE UNPLEASANT!
KEEP THAT GAL QUIET!
SHUSH, MISS OYL!
YOU JUST WAIT UNTIL POPEYE CATCHES YOU!

HELP!
MY GORSH! WHA'S 'AT?
LOOK! THERE GOES A HORSE WITH THREE PEOPLE ON IT!
BLOW ME DOWN!! IT'S BAD BULL AN' WIMPY! THEY IS RUNNIN' AWAY WIT' OLIVE!
I TOLD JA 'AT GUY WAS NO GOOD!
THEY TOOK THE GOLD I HAD WIMPY GUARDING!
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE GOLD - I'VE GOT A MOUNTAIN OF IT - BUT POOR OLIVE! SHE'S MY ONLY SISTER!
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
WHY DON'TCHA QUIT SNIFFIN'? LE'S GET HORSHES AN' FOLLOW 'EM - I HAS SUMPIN' I WANTS TA GIVE TA BAD BULL!
BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A HORSE!
WELL, I HAS A HORSH AN' I YAM GOIN' AFTER 'EM!
I'LL SAVE ME SWEETIE
OH, MY GORSH!?! VITAMING, YA HAS DE-ENERGIZED!!
GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE! IS THAT THING A HORSE? IT LOOKS LIKE A PREHISTORIC MONSTER!
?
?
?

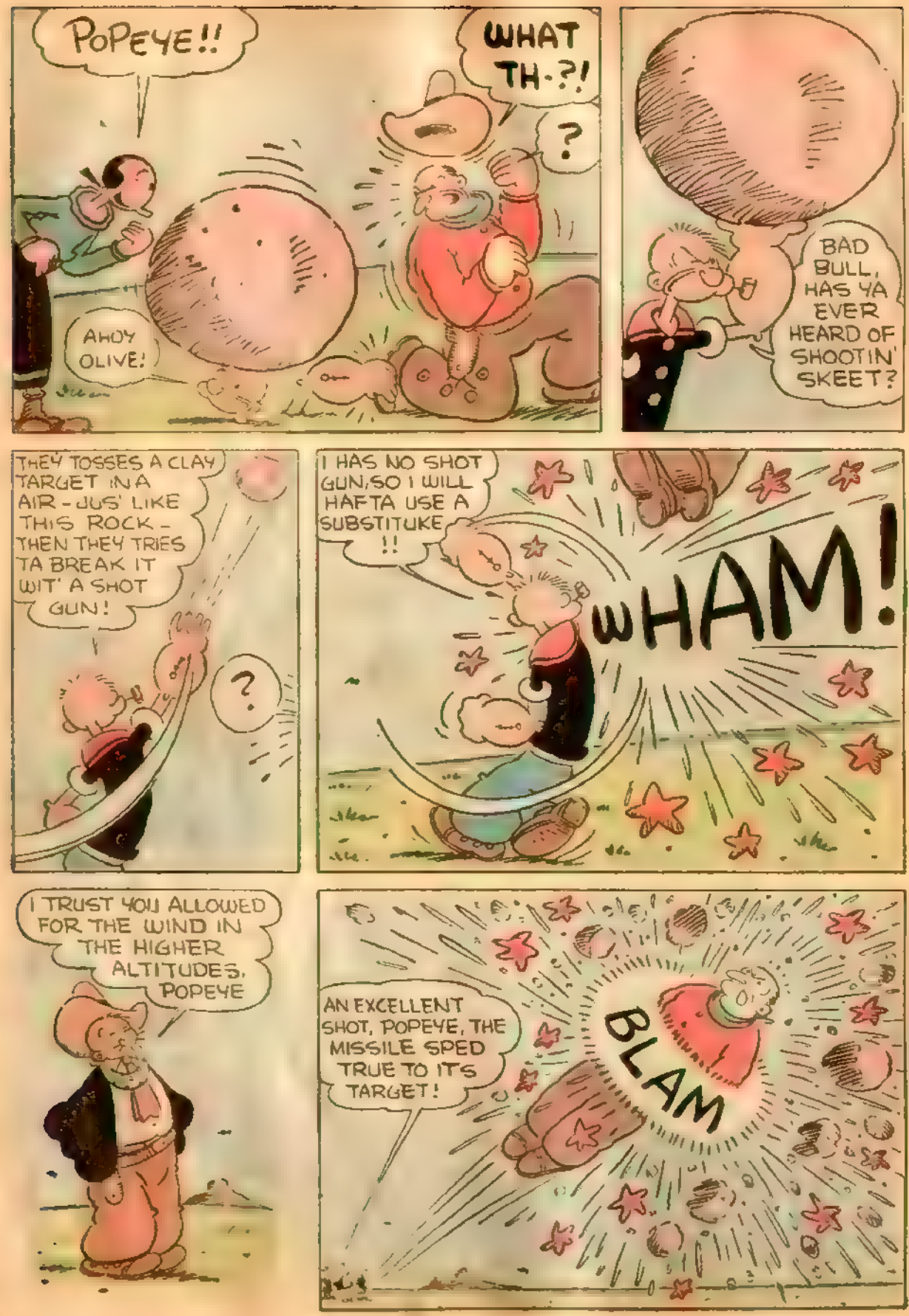
QUICK, CASTOR, HAS YA GOT ANY SPINACH AROUN' HERE?
I'VE GOT A FEW CANS OF SPINACH!
WELL, GO GET 'EM!
I HOPE THIS IS ENOUGH TO FILL YOU UP, POPEYE!
IT'S NOT FER ME - IT'S FER VITAMING!
I'LL HOLD HIS MOUTH OPING. YA TOSS 'EM IN, CASTOR
YOU MEAN CANS AND ALL?
YAS, I HASN'T TIME TA OPING 'EM UP!
?
?
STRIKE TEN !! YA HAS A GOOD EYE, CASTOR, YA DIDN'T MISS A ONE!
SWISH
PLOP!
CLANK
CASTOR, YOU STAY HERE AN' GUARD YER MOUNTING OF GOLD — I WILL GO SAVE OLIVE!
GETTY-YUP, VITAMING!
OKAY, POPEYE!
WOW!!
WHAT SPEED! HE'S OUT OF SIGHT ALREADY!
SWISH
WHAT TH---?!?
?
?
GOOD HEAVENS! POPEYE!!
OH, MY SAILOR BOY! I KNEW HE'D SAVE ME!
SWISH!

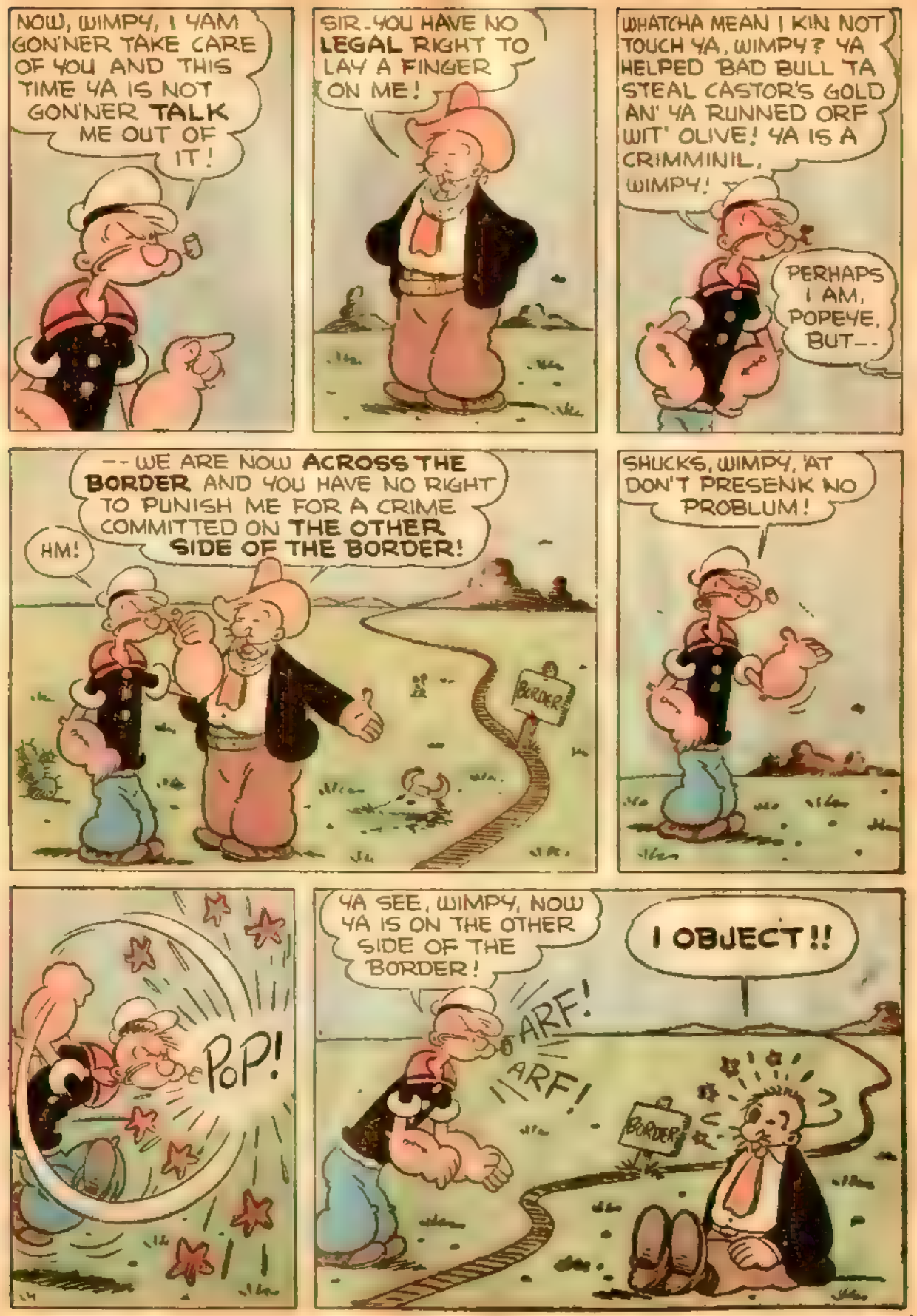

COME HERE, LITTLE COWBOY, I YAM GO'NER BLAST YER HEAD ORF!
PHOOEY! I'VE GOT A TOUGH REPUTATION AROUND THESE HERE PARTS, STRANGER!
TRY THIS ON YER REPUTATING FER SIZE!
SPLAT
OKAY, SAILOR, YOU ASKED FOR IT!
CLICK
BANG BANG BANG BANG
EXCELLENT MARKSMAN, ISN'T HE, MISS OYL?
OH, MY POOR POPEYE! SNIFF!
AHOY, OLIVE, COME HERE, QUICK!!
YES, DEAR, HAVE YOU SOME LAST ENDEARING WORD FOR ME?
I DOES NOT WANT TA TELL YA NUTHIN'! I JUS' WANTCHA TA LISTING!
THEM SILLY BULLICKS ARE STILL BOUNCIN' AROUN' INSIDE ME-THEY IS MAKIN' MUSIC! ON ME RIBS-LISTING!
BOP
PING
BONG
BING

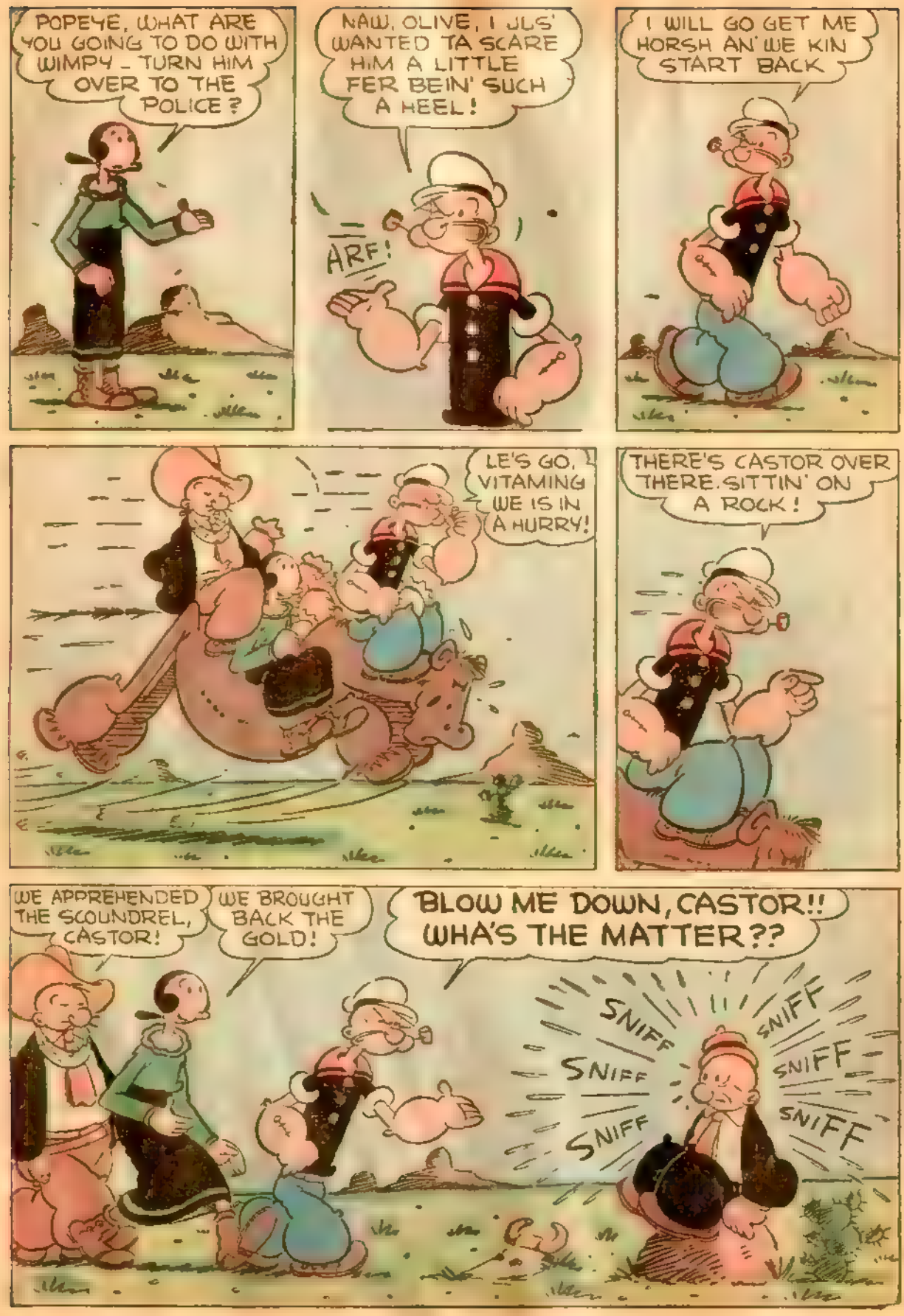
HEY, I PUT SIX BULLETS IN YOU! WHY DON'T YOU FALL DOWN?
STUBBORN RASCAL, ISN'T HE?
WAIT UNTIL I RELOAD AND WE'LL SEE HOW STUBBORN HE IS!
HERE'S SIX MORE FOR YOU!
BANG BANG BANG
HM-
?
COUGH! COUGH!
?
DON'T LOOK SUSPRISED. DID YA THINK I WAS A SISSY?
SPLAT

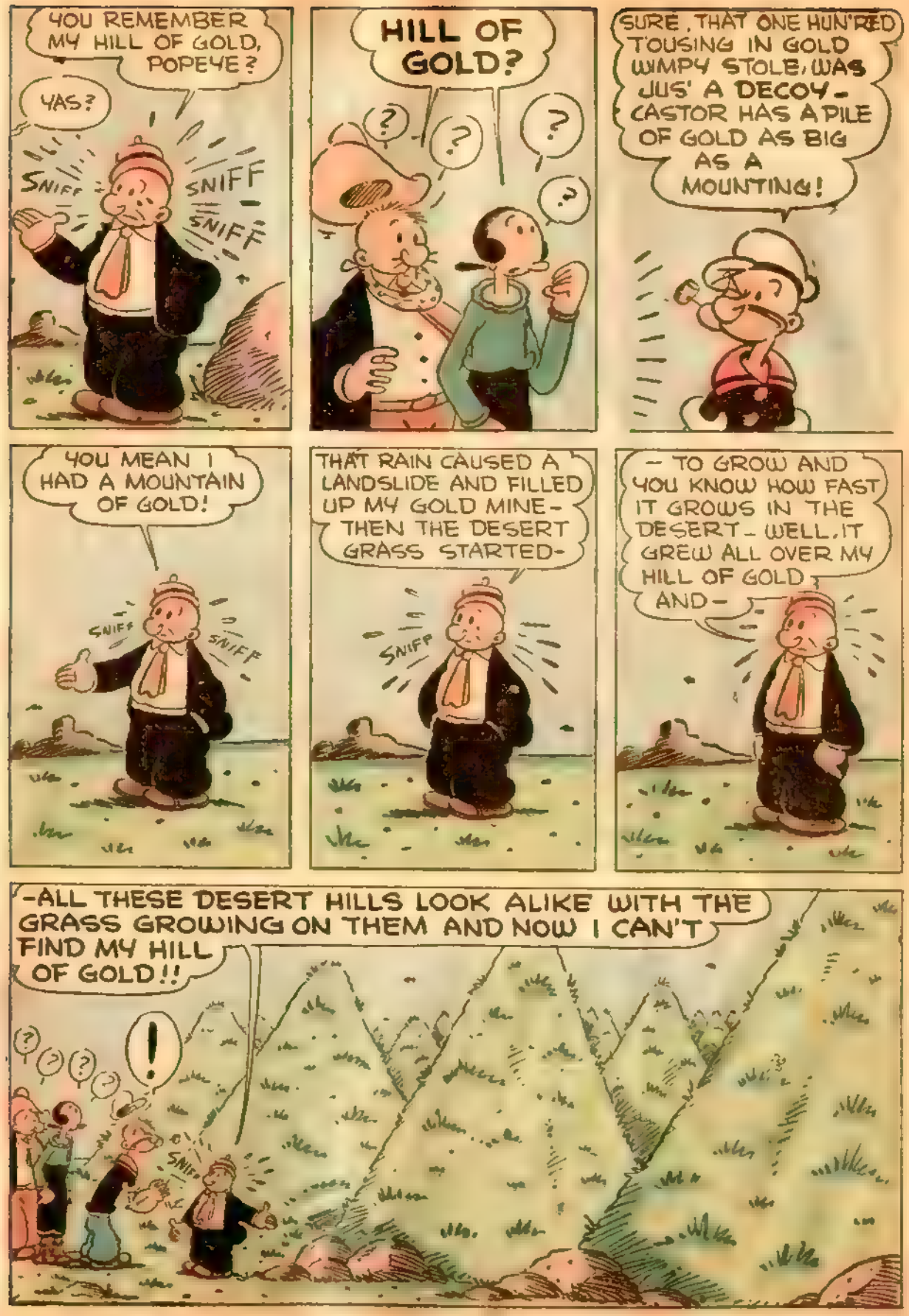

OKAY, WIMPY, NOW I YAM READY TA TAKE CARE OF YOU!!
BEG PARDON?
TWEET
TWEET
TWEET
SIR, YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN – I AM JUST AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT
I SAW YA HELPIN' BAD BULL TA CARRY ORF OLIVE!
GET READY– I YAM GON'NER GIVE YA ME TWISKER SOCK!
HALT! PLEASE!
?
WOULD YOU MIND STEPPING BACK A FEW PACES?
?
YA MEANS ABOUT HERE, WIMPY?
BLAM

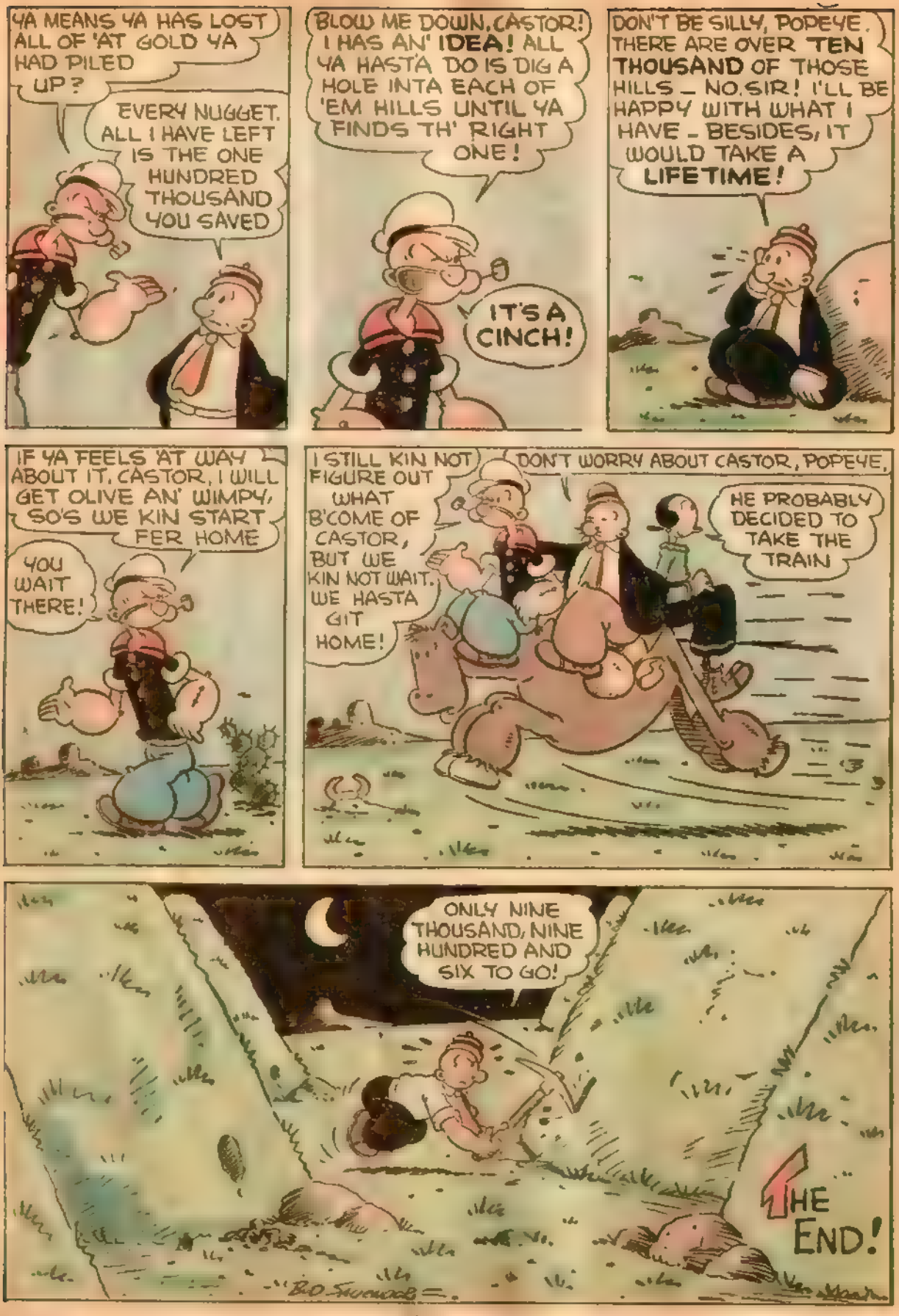
OH, WOE, MY POOR DEAR, SWEET, LOVABLE, ONE-EYED SAILOR BOY! OH!
I'D SUGGEST THAT YOU MOVE THE ROCK TO BE SURE HE'S NOT PLAYING 'POSSUM!
OH, YOU'VE SQUASHED HIM UNDER THAT ROCK!!
WHAT?
OH!
SOB!
ARE YOU KIDDING? I DROVE HIM INTO THE GROUND LIKE A FENCE POST! COME ON, LET'S GET GOING!
POOR POPEYE - ALL I HAVE LEFT TO REMIND ME OF HIM IS HIS PIPE - SNIFF!
AND IT HAS A HORRIBLE ODOR!
GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!
IT'S JUST A DESERT CLOUDBURST - IT'LL BE OVER IN A MINUTE!
SEE, IT'S STOPPED - I'LL GO GET THE HORSE!
ARE YOU GOING TO GET THE HORSE OR NOT?
I'LL GET THE HORSE, BUT IT'S HARD GOING IN THIS **FRESH MUD!**
?

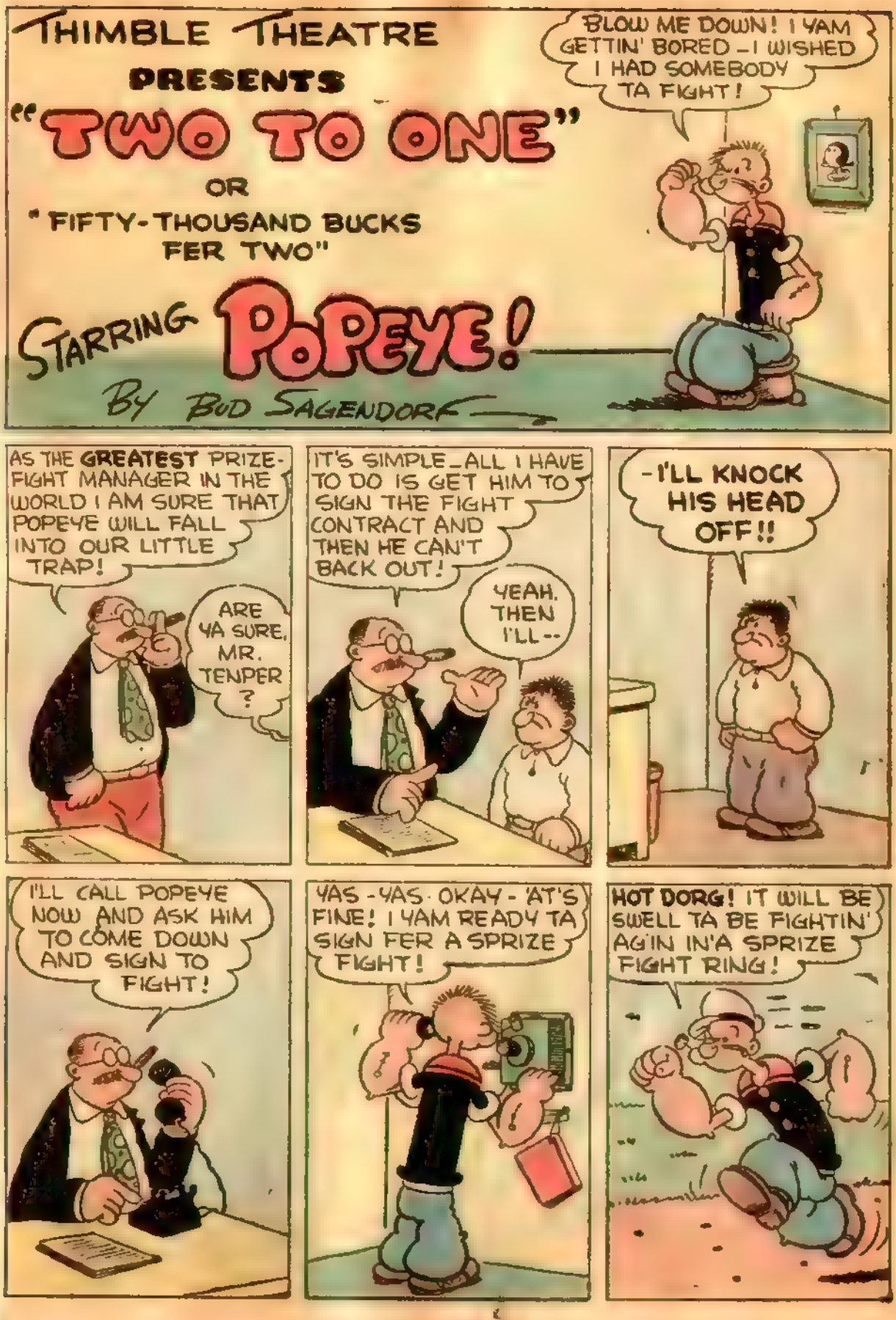

POPEYE!!
AHOY OLIVE!
WHAT TH-?!
?
BAD BULL, HAS YA EVER HEARD OF SHOOTIN' SKEET?
THEY TOSSES A CLAY TARGET IN A AIR - JUS' LIKE THIS ROCK - THEN THEY TRIES TA BREAK IT WIT' A SHOT GUN!
?
I HAS NO SHOT GUN, SO I WILL HAFTA USE A SUBSTITUKE !!
WHAM!
I TRUST YOU ALLOWED FOR THE WIND IN THE HIGHER ALTITUDES, POPEYE
AN EXCELLENT SHOT, POPEYE, THE MISSILE SPED TRUE TO ITS TARGET!
BLAM


NOW, WIMPY, I YAM GON'NER TAKE CARE OF YOU AND THIS TIME YA IS NOT GON'NER TALK ME OUT OF IT!
SIR-YOU HAVE NO LEGAL RIGHT TO LAY A FINGER ON ME!
WHATCHA MEAN I KIN NOT TOUCH YA, WIMPY? YA HELPED BAD BULL TA STEAL CASTOR'S GOLD AN' YA RUNNED ORF WIT' OLIVE! YA IS A CRIMMINIL, WIMPY!
PERHAPS I AM, POPEYE, BUT--
HM!
--WE ARE NOW ACROSS THE BORDER AND YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO PUNISH ME FOR A CRIME COMMITTED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER!
BORDER
SHUCKS, WIMPY, 'AT DON'T PRESENK NO PROBLUM!
POP!
YA SEE, WIMPY, NOW YA IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER!
I OBJECT!!
ARF!
ARF!
BORDER

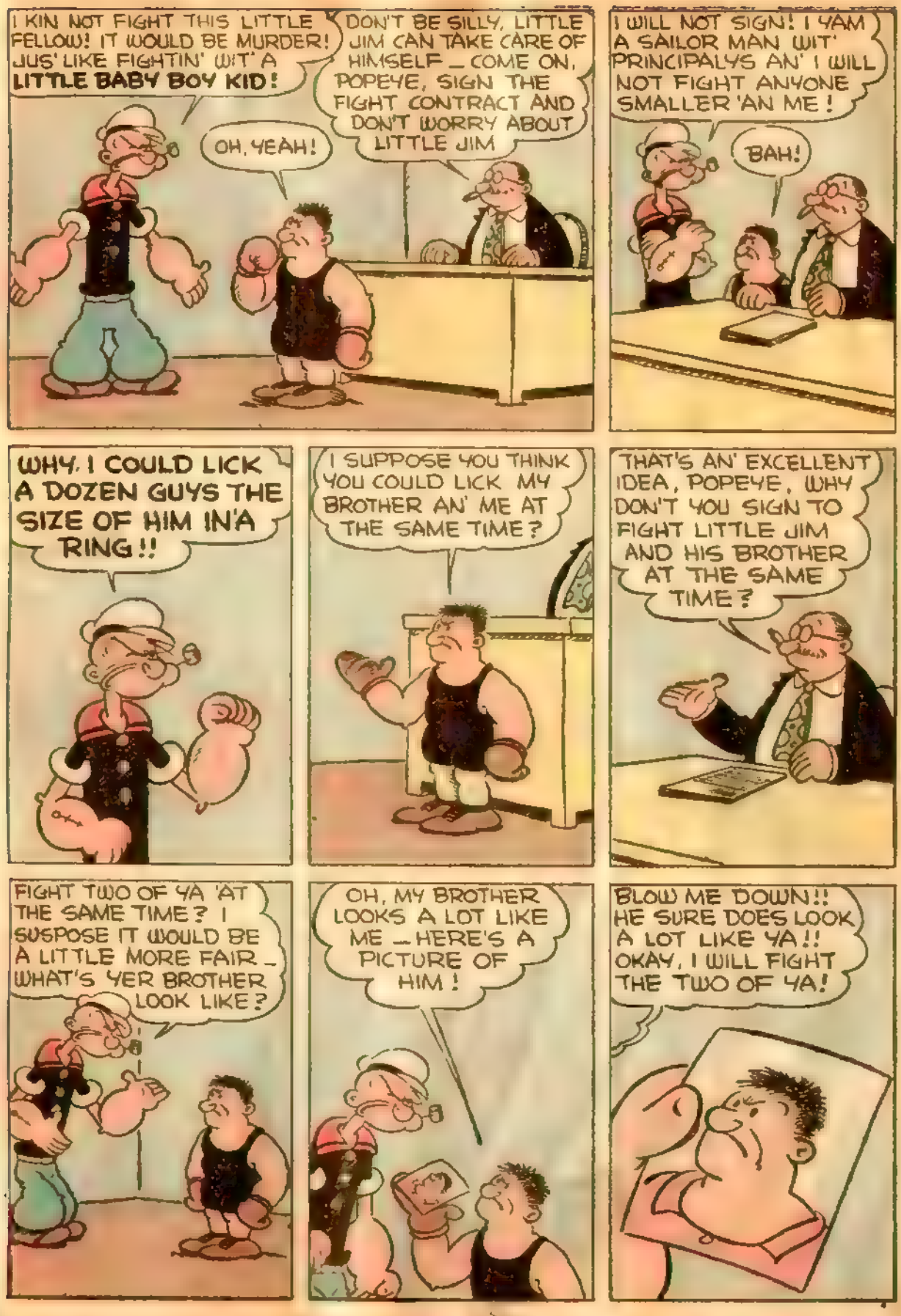

POPEYE, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH WIMPY - TURN HIM OVER TO THE POLICE?
NAW, OLIVE, I JUS' WANTED TA SCARE HIM A LITTLE FER BEIN' SUCH A HEEL!
ARF!
I WILL GO GET ME HORSH AN' WE KIN START BACK
LE'S GO, VITAMING WE IS IN A HURRY!
THERE'S CASTOR OVER THERE. SITTIN' ON A ROCK!
WE APPREHENDED THE SCOUNDREL, CASTOR!
WE BROUGHT BACK THE GOLD!
BLOW ME DOWN, CASTOR!! WHA'S THE MATTER??
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF

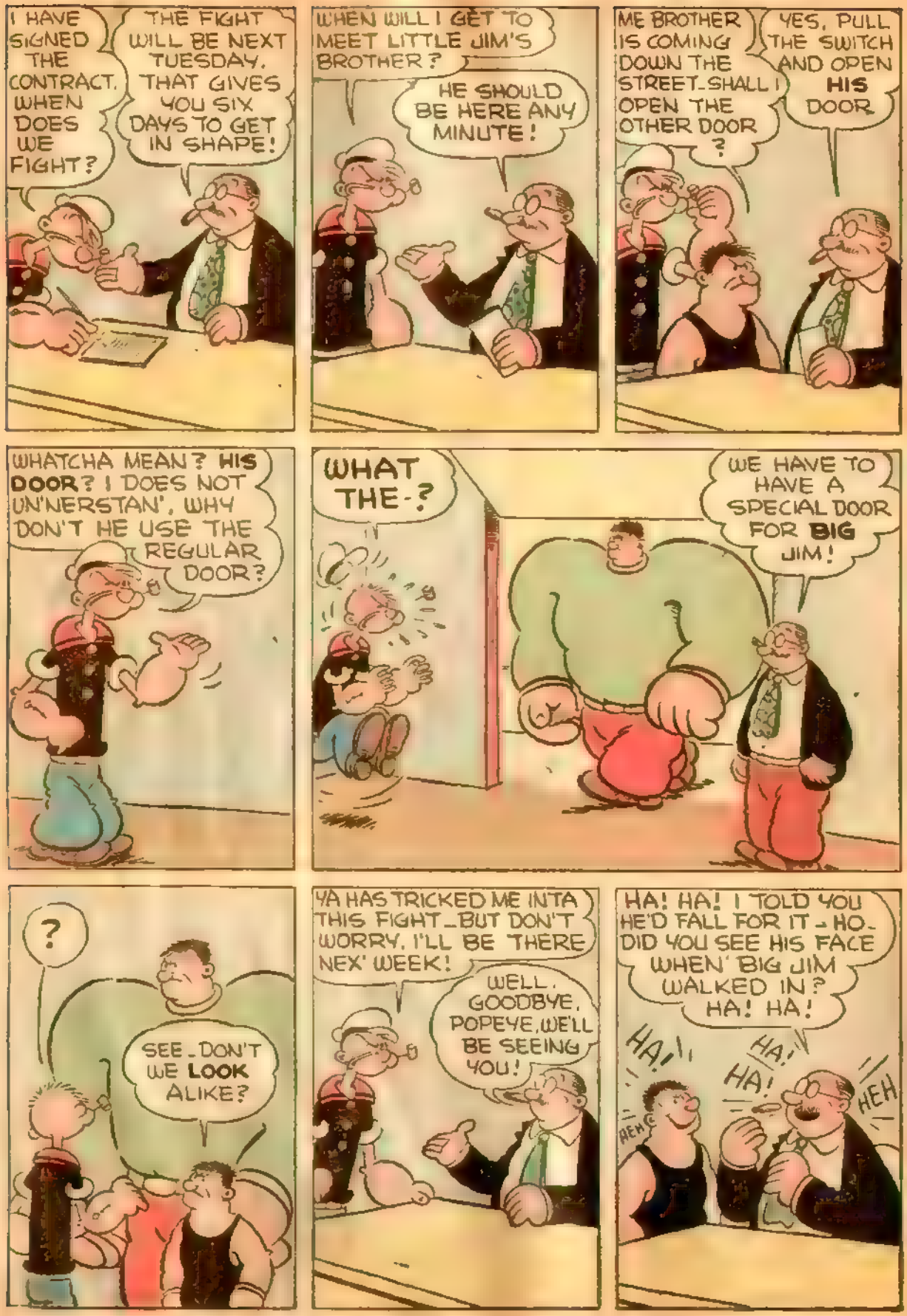

YOU REMEMBER MY HILL OF GOLD, POPEYE?
YAS?
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
HILL OF GOLD?
?
?
?
?
SURE, THAT ONE HUN'RED TOUSING IN GOLD WIMPY STOLE, WAS JUS' A DECOY - CASTOR HAS A PILE OF GOLD AS BIG AS A MOUNTING!
YOU MEAN I HAD A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD!
SNIFF
SNIFF
THAT RAIN CAUSED A LANDSLIDE AND FILLED UP MY GOLD MINE - THEN THE DESERT GRASS STARTED-
SNIFF
- TO GROW AND YOU KNOW HOW FAST IT GROWS IN THE DESERT - WELL, IT GREW ALL OVER MY HILL OF GOLD AND -
-ALL THESE DESERT HILLS LOOK ALIKE WITH THE GRASS GROWING ON THEM AND NOW I CAN'T FIND MY HILL OF GOLD!!
?
?
?
?
!
SNIFF

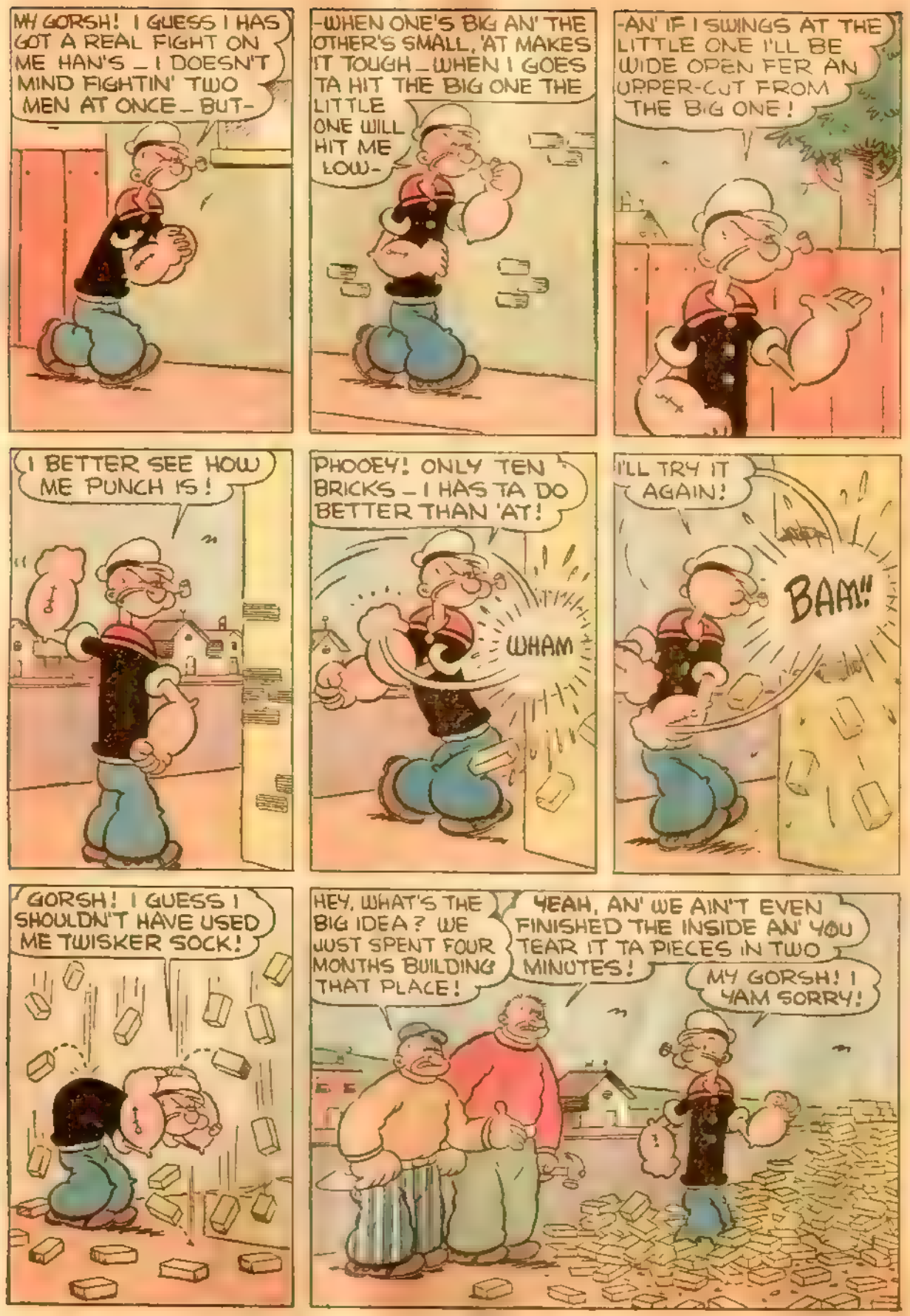

YA MEANS YA HAS LOST ALL OF 'AT GOLD YA HAD PILED UP?
EVERY NUGGET. ALL I HAVE LEFT IS THE ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND YOU SAVED
BLOW ME DOWN, CASTOR! I HAS AN' IDEA! ALL YA HASTA DO IS DIG A HOLE INTA EACH OF 'EM HILLS UNTIL YA FINDS TH' RIGHT ONE!
IT'S A CINCH!
DON'T BE SILLY, POPEYE. THERE ARE OVER TEN THOUSAND OF THOSE HILLS – NO, SIR! I'LL BE HAPPY WITH WHAT I HAVE – BESIDES, IT WOULD TAKE A LIFETIME!
IF YA FEELS 'AT WAY ABOUT IT, CASTOR, I WILL GET OLIVE AN' WIMPY, SO'S WE KIN START FER HOME
YOU WAIT THERE!
I STILL KIN NOT FIGURE OUT WHAT B'COME OF CASTOR, BUT WE KIN NOT WAIT. WE HASTA GIT HOME!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT CASTOR, POPEYE,
HE PROBABLY DECIDED TO TAKE THE TRAIN
ONLY NINE THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED AND SIX TO GO!
THE END!
B.O. Swinnerton

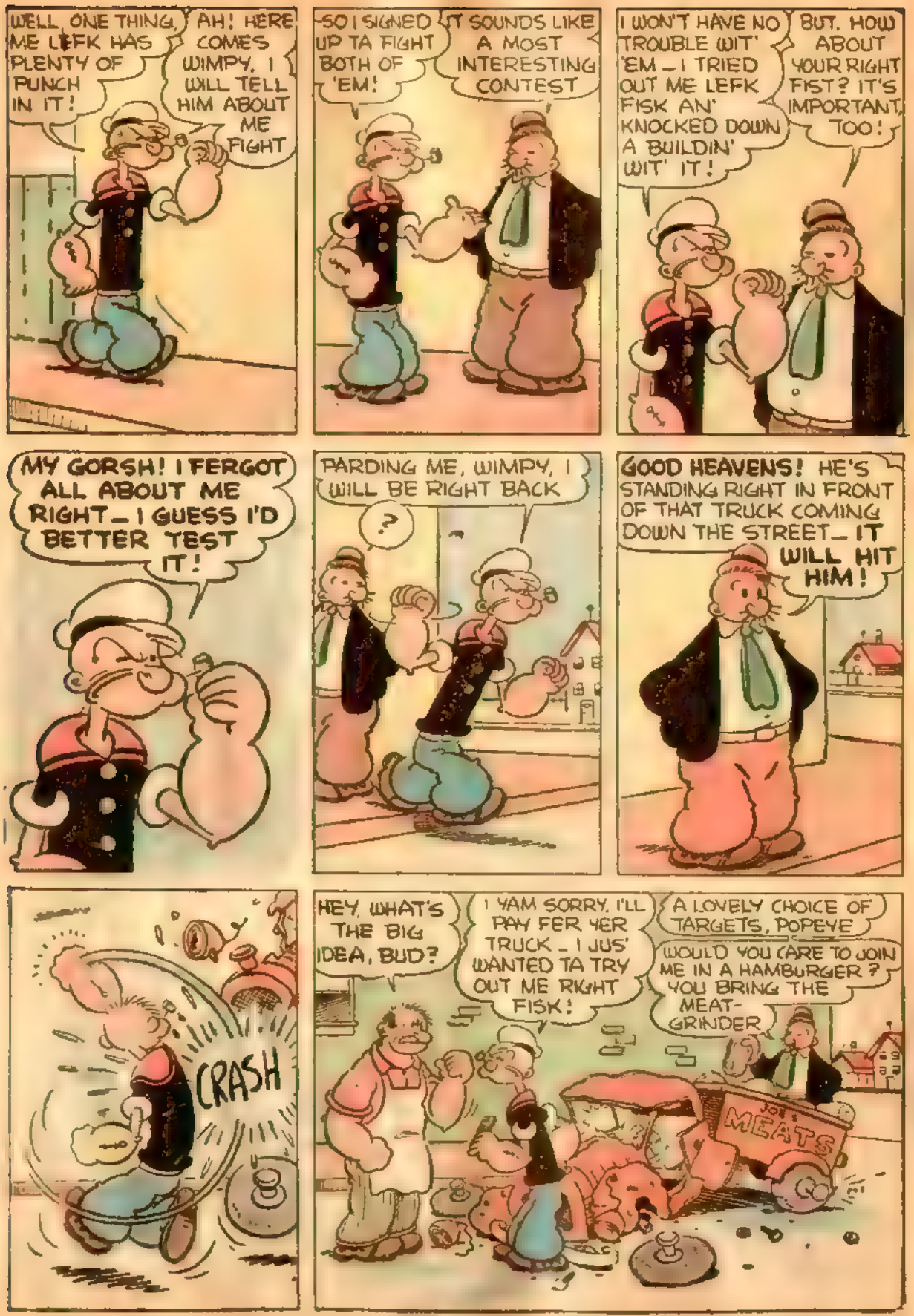

THIMBLE THEATRE
PRESENTS
"TWO TO ONE"
OR
"FIFTY-THOUSAND BUCKS FER TWO"
STARRING POPEYE!
BY BUD SAGENDORF
BLOW ME DOWN! I YAM GETTIN' BORED - I WISHED I HAD SOMEBODY TA FIGHT!
AS THE GREATEST PRIZE-FIGHT MANAGER IN THE WORLD I AM SURE THAT POPEYE WILL FALL INTO OUR LITTLE TRAP!
ARE YA SURE, MR. TENPER?
IT'S SIMPLE - ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET HIM TO SIGN THE FIGHT CONTRACT AND THEN HE CAN'T BACK OUT!
YEAH, THEN I'LL--
-I'LL KNOCK HIS HEAD OFF!!
I'LL CALL POPEYE NOW AND ASK HIM TO COME DOWN AND SIGN TO FIGHT!
YAS - YAS - OKAY - 'AT'S FINE! I YAM READY TA SIGN FER A SPRIZE FIGHT!
HOT DORG! IT WILL BE SWELL TA BE FIGHTIN' AG'IN IN'A SPRIZE FIGHT RING!

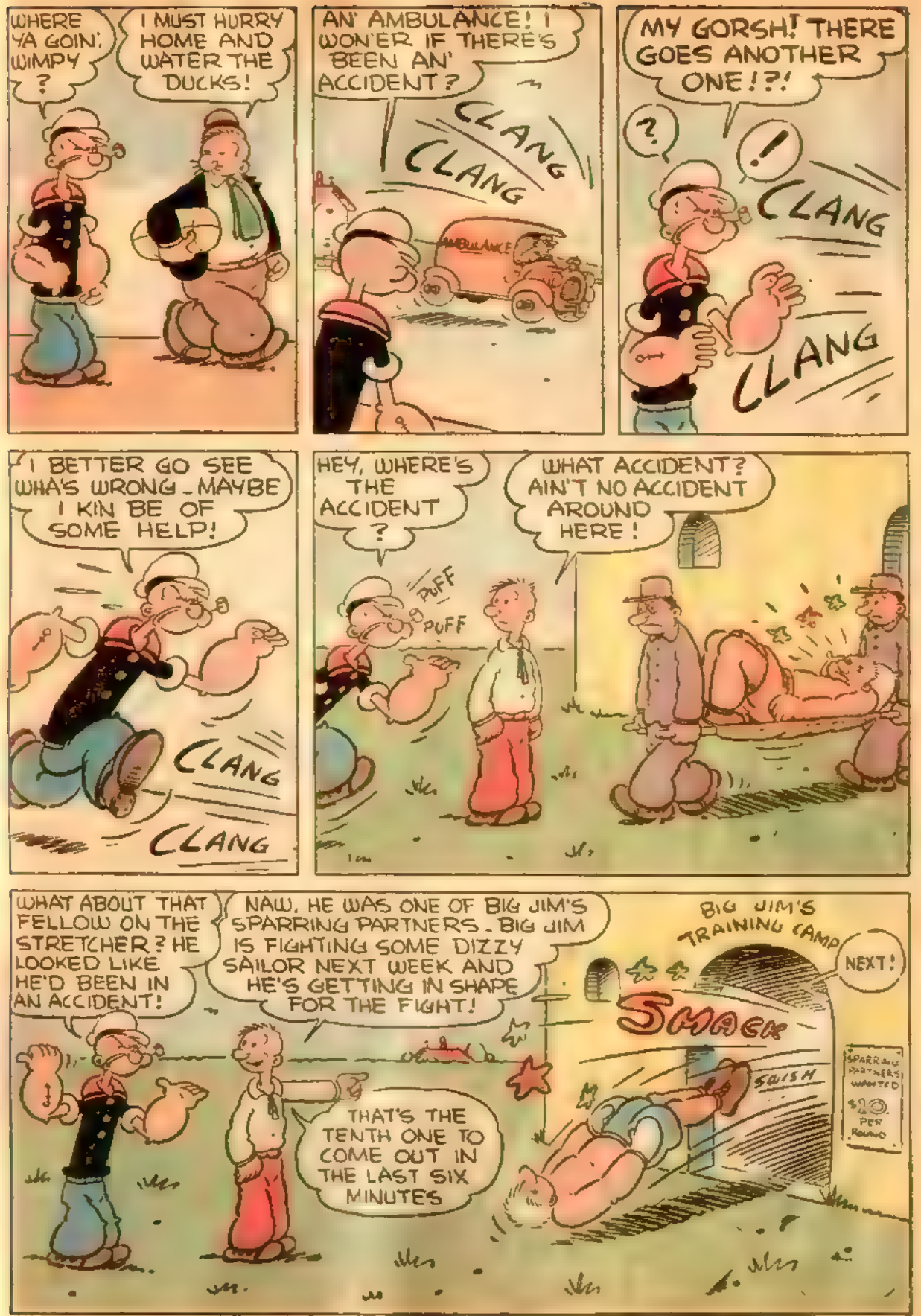
HERE I YAM, MR TENPER. LE'S START TALKIN' BUSYNISS!
AH! HELLO, POPEYE, JUST STEP OVER TO MY DESK AND WE'LL GET THE PRELIMINARY DETAILS CLEARED UP
THIS FIGHT WILL BE A WINNER TAKE ALL EVENT, IF THAT'S OKAY WITH YOU
YA MEANS I TAKES ALL'A THE SPRIZE MONEY AFTER I KNOCKS YER FIGHTER OUT?
AHEM, YES, BUT OF COURSE YOU KNOW MY FIGHTER MIGHT KNOCK YOU OUT- HEH, HEH.
WILL YOU SIGN HERE, PLEASE
LISTING, I DOES NOT SIGN NUTHIN' UNTIL I MEETS THE MAN I YAM GO'NER FIGHT!
VERY WELL, I WILL CALL HIM
LITTLE JIM, WILL YOU COME HERE A MINUTE? I WANT YOU TO MEET THE MAN YOU'RE GOING TO CLEAN UP THE RING WITH NEXT WEEK!
OKAY, BOSS
BLOW ME DOWN! DOES YA EXPECTS ME TA FIGHT 'AT LITTLE SHRIMP?
CERTAINLY, LITTLE JIM IS A TREMENDOUS FIGHTER.
GYM
ARF!
ARF!
GR R

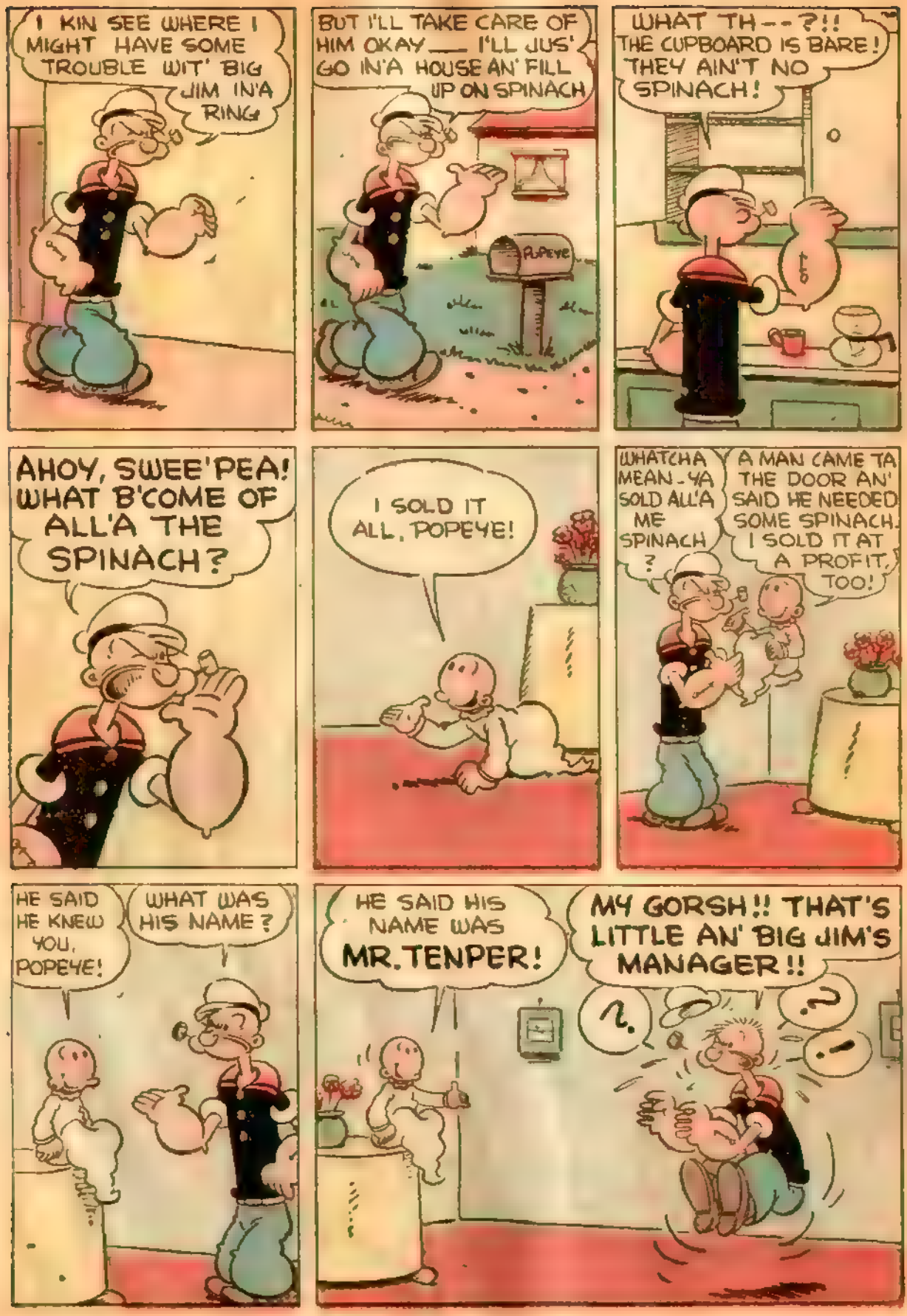

I KIN NOT FIGHT THIS LITTLE FELLOW! IT WOULD BE MURDER! JUS' LIKE FIGHTIN' WIT' A LITTLE BABY BOY KID!
OH, YEAH!
DON'T BE SILLY, LITTLE JIM CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF — COME ON, POPEYE, SIGN THE FIGHT CONTRACT AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT LITTLE JIM
I WILL NOT SIGN! I YAM A SAILOR MAN WIT' PRINCIPALYS AN' I WILL NOT FIGHT ANYONE SMALLER 'AN ME!
BAH!
WHY, I COULD LICK A DOZEN GUYS THE SIZE OF HIM IN A RING!!
I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU COULD LICK MY BROTHER AN' ME AT THE SAME TIME?
THAT'S AN' EXCELLENT IDEA, POPEYE, WHY DON'T YOU SIGN TO FIGHT LITTLE JIM AND HIS BROTHER AT THE SAME TIME?
FIGHT TWO OF YA 'AT THE SAME TIME? I SUSPOSE IT WOULD BE A LITTLE MORE FAIR — WHAT'S YER BROTHER LOOK LIKE?
OH, MY BROTHER LOOKS A LOT LIKE ME — HERE'S A PICTURE OF HIM!
BLOW ME DOWN!! HE SURE DOES LOOK A LOT LIKE YA!! OKAY, I WILL FIGHT THE TWO OF YA!

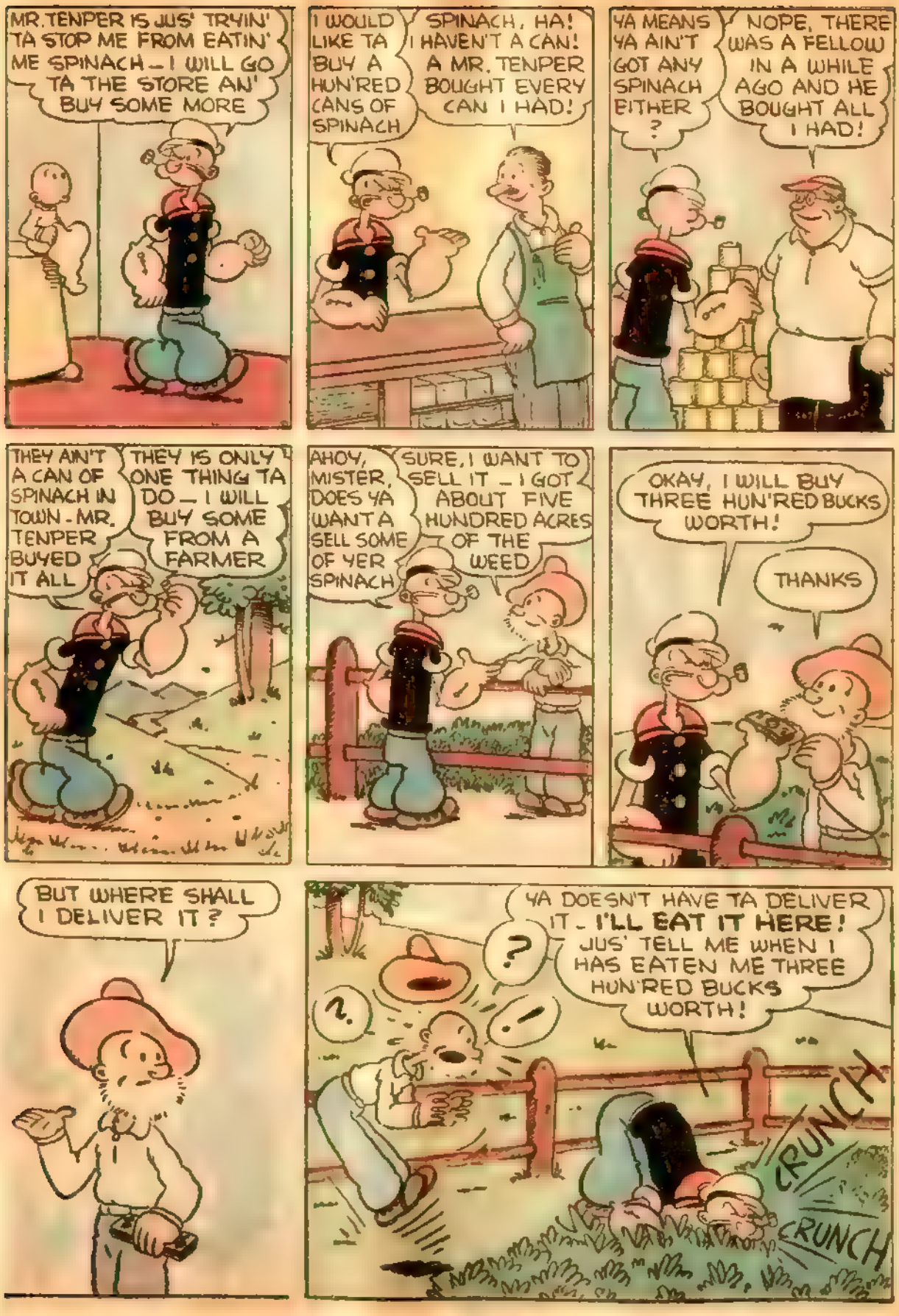

I HAVE SIGNED THE CONTRACT. WHEN DOES WE FIGHT?
THE FIGHT WILL BE NEXT TUESDAY. THAT GIVES YOU SIX DAYS TO GET IN SHAPE!
WHEN WILL I GET TO MEET LITTLE JIM'S BROTHER?
HE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
ME BROTHER IS COMING DOWN THE STREET-SHALL I OPEN THE OTHER DOOR?
YES, PULL THE SWITCH AND OPEN HIS DOOR
WHATCHA MEAN? HIS DOOR? I DOES NOT UN'NERSTAN', WHY DON'T HE USE THE REGULAR DOOR?
WHAT THE-?
WE HAVE TO HAVE A SPECIAL DOOR FOR BIG JIM!
?
SEE-DON'T WE LOOK ALIKE?
YA HAS TRICKED ME INTA THIS FIGHT-BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE THERE NEX' WEEK!
WELL, GOODBYE, POPEYE, WE'LL BE SEEING YOU!
HA! HA! I TOLD YOU HE'D FALL FOR IT-HO-DID YOU SEE HIS FACE WHEN' BIG JIM WALKED IN? HA! HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!
HEH
HEH

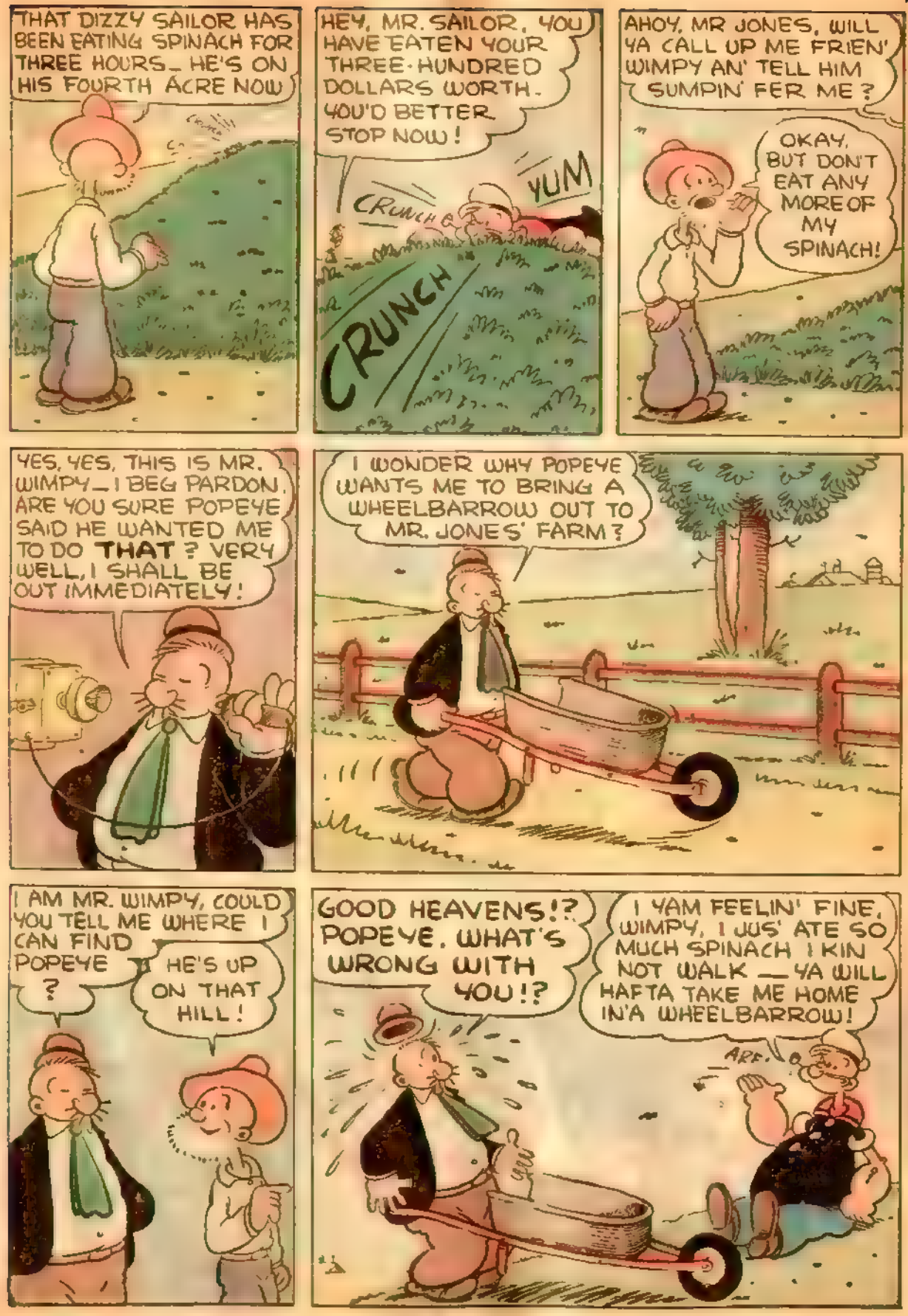

MY GORSH! I GUESS I HAS GOT A REAL FIGHT ON ME HAN'S – I DOESN'T MIND FIGHTIN' TWO MEN AT ONCE – BUT-
-WHEN ONE'S BIG AN' THE OTHER'S SMALL, 'AT MAKES IT TOUGH – WHEN I GOES TA HIT THE BIG ONE THE LITTLE ONE WILL HIT ME LOW-
-AN' IF I SWINGS AT THE LITTLE ONE I'LL BE WIDE OPEN FER AN UPPER-CUT FROM THE BIG ONE!
I BETTER SEE HOW ME PUNCH IS!
PHOOEY! ONLY TEN BRICKS – I HAS TA DO BETTER THAN 'AT!
WHAM
I'LL TRY IT AGAIN!
BAM!!
GORSH! I GUESS I SHOULDN'T HAVE USED ME TWISKER SOCK!
HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WE JUST SPENT FOUR MONTHS BUILDING THAT PLACE!
YEAH, AN' WE AIN'T EVEN FINISHED THE INSIDE AN' YOU TEAR IT TA PIECES IN TWO MINUTES!
MY GORSH! I YAM SORRY!

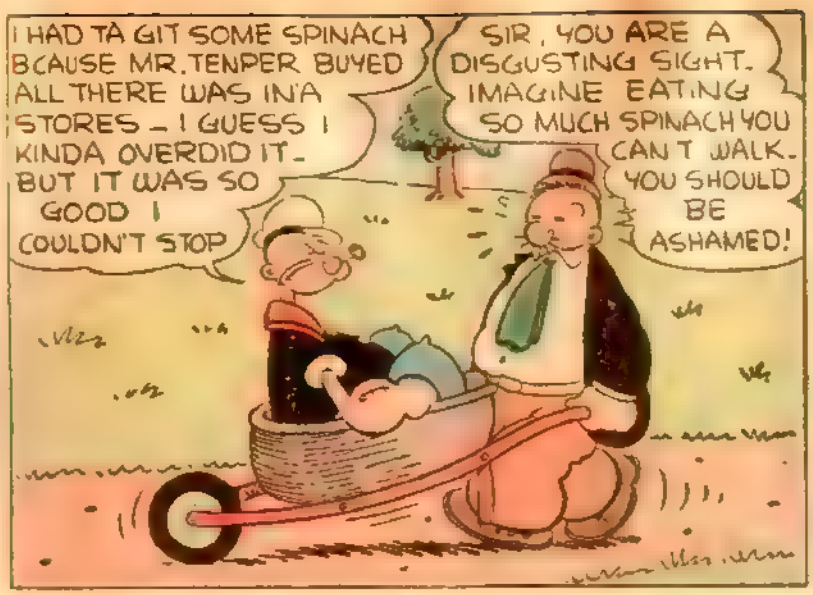

WELL, ONE THING, ME LEFK HAS PLENTY OF PUNCH IN IT!
AH! HERE COMES WIMPY, I WILL TELL HIM ABOUT ME FIGHT
-SO I SIGNED UP TA FIGHT BOTH OF 'EM!
IT SOUNDS LIKE A MOST INTERESTING CONTEST
I WON'T HAVE NO TROUBLE WIT' 'EM - I TRIED OUT ME LEFK FISK AN' KNOCKED DOWN A BUILDIN' WIT' IT!
BUT, HOW ABOUT YOUR RIGHT FIST? IT'S IMPORTANT, TOO!
MY GORSH! I FERGOT ALL ABOUT ME RIGHT - I GUESS I'D BETTER TEST IT!
PARDING ME, WIMPY, I WILL BE RIGHT BACK
?
GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF THAT TRUCK COMING DOWN THE STREET - IT WILL HIT HIM!
CRASH
HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, BUD?
I YAM SORRY, I'LL PAY FER YER TRUCK - I JUS' WANTED TA TRY OUT ME RIGHT FISK!
A LOVELY CHOICE OF TARGETS, POPEYE
WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN ME IN A HAMBURGER? YOU BRING THE MEAT-GRINDER
JOE'S MEATS

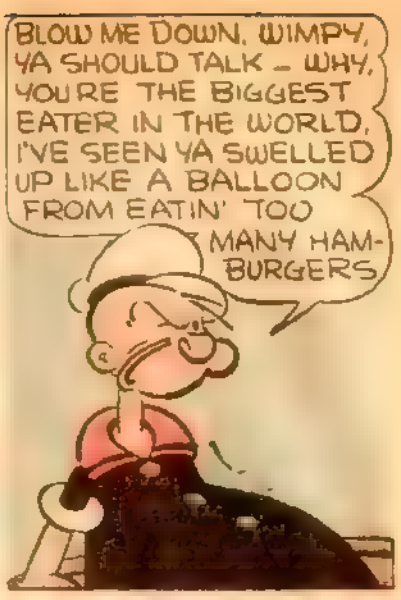

WHERE YA GOIN', WIMPY ?
I MUST HURRY HOME AND WATER THE DUCKS!
AN' AMBULANCE! I WON'ER IF THERE'S BEEN AN' ACCIDENT?
CLANG
CLANG
AMBULANCE
MY GORSH! THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE!?!
?
!
CLANG
CLANG
I BETTER GO SEE WHA'S WRONG - MAYBE I KIN BE OF SOME HELP!
CLANG
CLANG
HEY, WHERE'S THE ACCIDENT ?
WHAT ACCIDENT? AIN'T NO ACCIDENT AROUND HERE!
PUFF
PUFF
WHAT ABOUT THAT FELLOW ON THE STRETCHER? HE LOOKED LIKE HE'D BEEN IN AN ACCIDENT!
NAW, HE WAS ONE OF BIG JIM'S SPARRING PARTNERS. BIG JIM IS FIGHTING SOME DIZZY SAILOR NEXT WEEK AND HE'S GETTING IN SHAPE FOR THE FIGHT!
THAT'S THE TENTH ONE TO COME OUT IN THE LAST SIX MINUTES
BIG JIM'S TRAINING CAMP
NEXT!
SMACK
SQUISH
SPARRING PARTNERS WANTED
$20 PER ROUND


I KIN SEE WHERE I MIGHT HAVE SOME TROUBLE WIT' BIG JIM IN'A RING
BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM OKAY — I'LL JUS' GO IN'A HOUSE AN' FILL UP ON SPINACH
POPEYE
WHAT TH--?!! THE CUPBOARD IS BARE! THEY AIN'T NO SPINACH!
AHOY, SWEE'PEA! WHAT B'COME OF ALL'A THE SPINACH?
I SOLD IT ALL, POPEYE!
WHATCHA MEAN - YA SOLD ALL'A ME SPINACH ?
A MAN CAME TA THE DOOR AN' SAID HE NEEDED SOME SPINACH. I SOLD IT AT A PROFIT, TOO!
HE SAID HE KNEW YOU, POPEYE!
WHAT WAS HIS NAME?
HE SAID HIS NAME WAS MR. TENPER!
MY GORSH!! THAT'S LITTLE AN' BIG JIM'S MANAGER!!


MR. TENPER IS JUS' TRYIN' TA STOP ME FROM EATIN' ME SPINACH – I WILL GO TA THE STORE AN' BUY SOME MORE
I WOULD LIKE TA BUY A HUN'RED CANS OF SPINACH
SPINACH, HA! I HAVEN'T A CAN! A MR. TENPER BOUGHT EVERY CAN I HAD!
YA MEANS YA AIN'T GOT ANY SPINACH EITHER ?
NOPE, THERE WAS A FELLOW IN A WHILE AGO AND HE BOUGHT ALL I HAD!
THEY AIN'T A CAN OF SPINACH IN TOWN - MR. TENPER BUYED IT ALL
THEY IS ONLY ONE THING TA DO – I WILL BUY SOME FROM A FARMER
AHOY, MISTER, DOES YA WANT A SELL SOME OF YER SPINACH
SURE, I WANT TO SELL IT – I GOT ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED ACRES OF THE WEED
OKAY, I WILL BUY THREE HUN'RED BUCKS WORTH!
THANKS
BUT WHERE SHALL I DELIVER IT ?
YA DOESN'T HAVE TA DELIVER IT - I'LL EAT IT HERE! JUS' TELL ME WHEN I HAS EATEN ME THREE HUN'RED BUCKS WORTH!
?
?
CRUNCH
CRUNCH


THAT DIZZY SAILOR HAS BEEN EATING SPINACH FOR THREE HOURS_ HE'S ON HIS FOURTH ACRE NOW
HEY, MR. SAILOR, YOU HAVE EATEN YOUR THREE-HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH. YOU'D BETTER STOP NOW!
YUM
CRUNCH
CRUNCH
AHOY, MR JONES, WILL YA CALL UP ME FRIEN' WIMPY AN' TELL HIM SUMPIN' FER ME?
OKAY, BUT DON'T EAT ANY MORE OF MY SPINACH!
YES, YES, THIS IS MR. WIMPY_I BEG PARDON. ARE YOU SURE POPEYE SAID HE WANTED ME TO DO THAT? VERY WELL, I SHALL BE OUT IMMEDIATELY!
I WONDER WHY POPEYE WANTS ME TO BRING A WHEELBARROW OUT TO MR. JONES' FARM?
I AM MR. WIMPY, COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND POPEYE?
HE'S UP ON THAT HILL!
GOOD HEAVENS!? POPEYE, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU!?
I YAM FEELIN' FINE, WIMPY, I JUS' ATE SO MUCH SPINACH I KIN NOT WALK — YA WILL HAFTA TAKE ME HOME IN'A WHEELBARROW!
ARF!

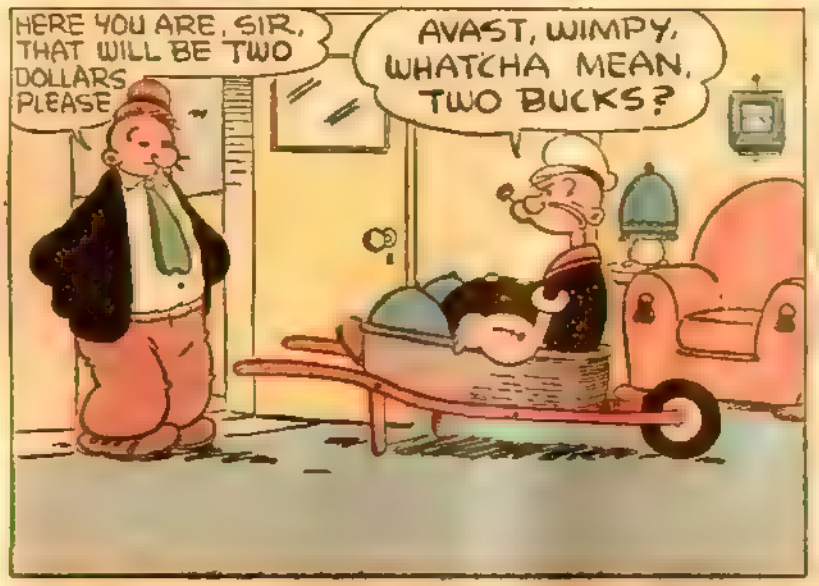

I HAD TA GIT SOME SPINACH B'CAUSE MR. TENPER BUYED ALL THERE WAS IN'A STORES – I GUESS I KINDA OVERDID IT – BUT IT WAS SO GOOD I COULDN'T STOP
SIR, YOU ARE A DISGUSTING SIGHT. IMAGINE EATING SO MUCH SPINACH YOU CAN'T WALK. YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED!

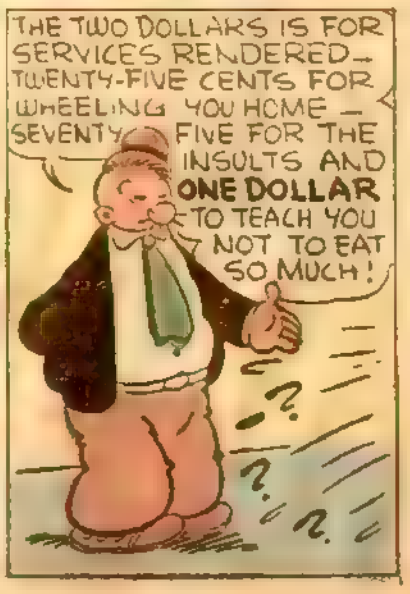

BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY, YA SHOULD TALK – WHY, YOU'RE THE BIGGEST EATER IN THE WORLD, I'VE SEEN YA SWELLED UP LIKE A BALLOON FROM EATIN' TOO MANY HAM-BURGERS

SIR, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT EATING HAMBURGERS IS A SCIENCE AND AN ART! BESIDES, SIR, I CAN ALWAYS WALK
I DON'T HAVE TO BE WHEELED HOME!

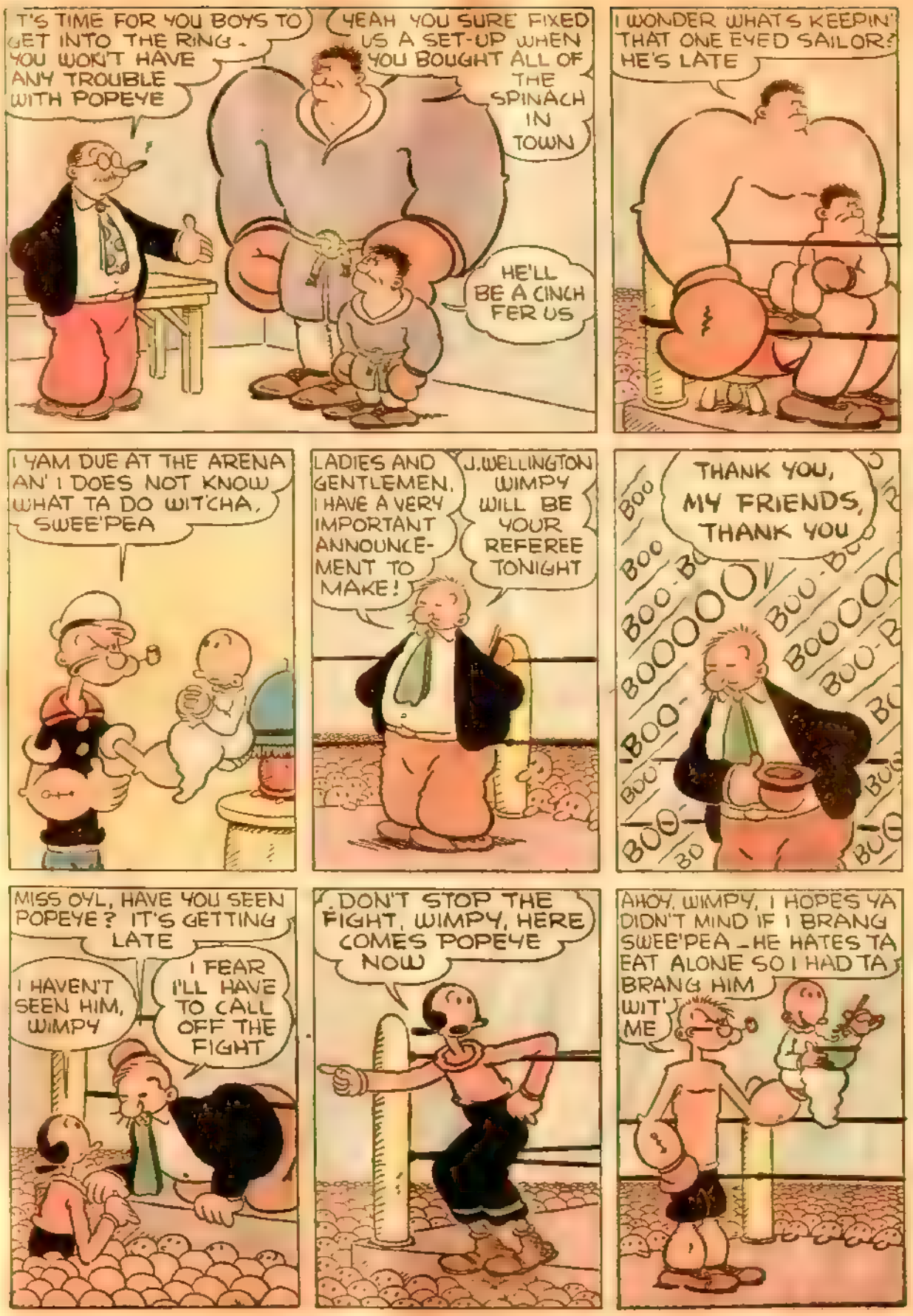
THE ONLY RESSING YA WALKS IS B'CAUSE WHEN YA GETS THROUGH EATIN' YER HAMBURGERS YA HASTA GET OUT IN A HURRY B'CAUSE YA NEVER HAS MONEY TA PAY FER WHAT YA EATS

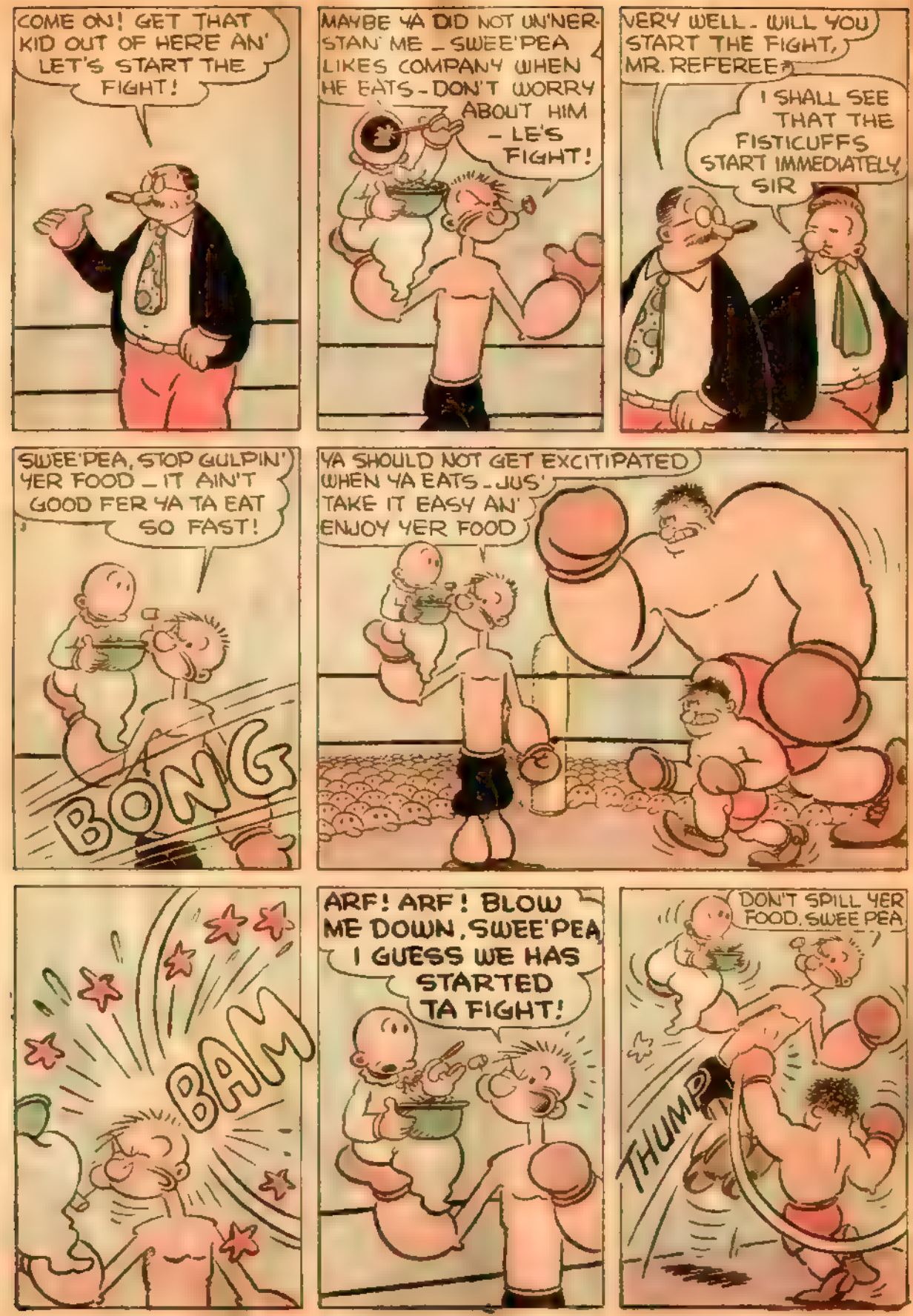
PHOOEY, SIR, I AM SUPPOSED TO BE A PIG AND A HEEL, WHILE YOU, MY FRIEND, ARE A GENTLEMAN
OKAY, WIMPY, YA WINS – I ATE TOO MUCH!
ARF! ARF

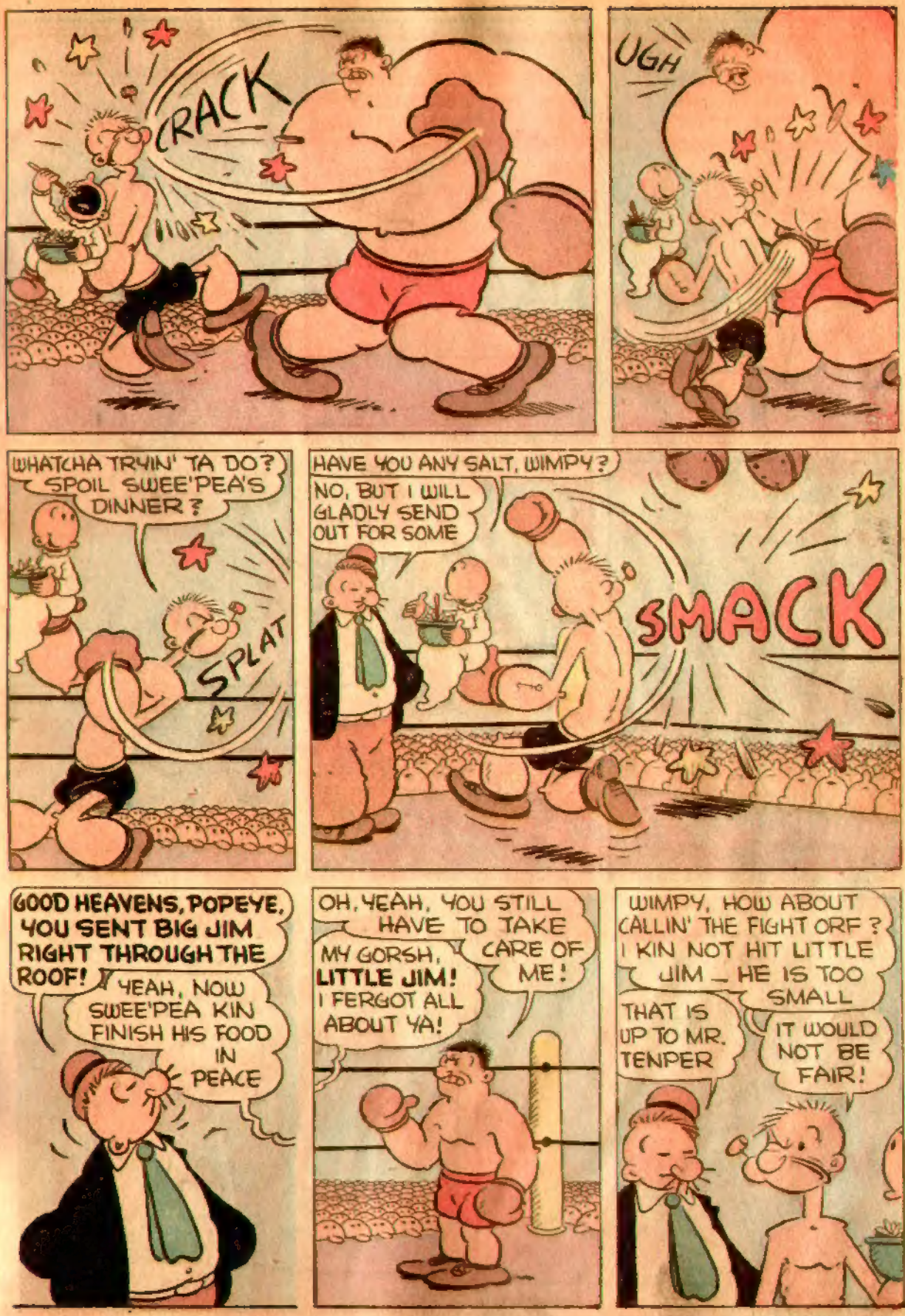

HERE YOU ARE, SIR, THAT WILL BE TWO DOLLARS PLEASE
AVAST, WIMPY, WHATCHA MEAN, TWO BUCKS?

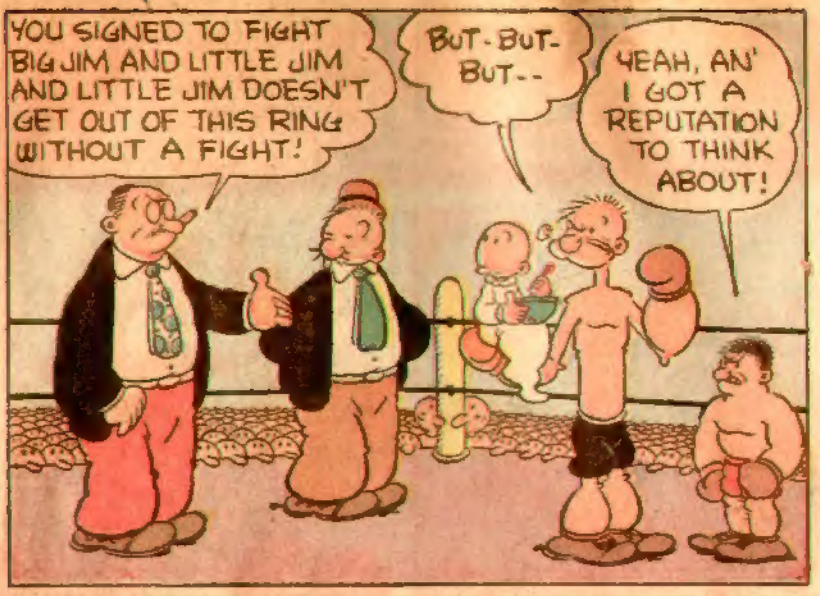

THE TWO DOLLARS IS FOR SERVICES RENDERED – TWENTY-FIVE CENTS FOR WHEELING YOU HOME – SEVENTY-FIVE FOR THE INSULTS AND ONE DOLLAR TO TEACH YOU NOT TO EAT SO MUCH!

IT HAS TAKEN TWO DAYS FER THAT SPINACH I ATE TA GET DIGESTIPATED— I YAM GLAD I KIN WALK AROUND NOW
OH, MY GORSH!! IT'S STARTED!
OH, I WAS AFRAID OF THIS HAPPENING! I WILL HAFTA DO SOMETHING QUICK!
I WILL HAFTA GET OUTDOORS B'FORE IT GETS ANY WORSE
I THINK I'LL GO OVER AND SEE IF POPEYE IS READY FOR HIS FIGHT WITH BIG AND LITTLE JIM
YIEP! POPEYE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
AHOY, OLIVE!
I OVERATE ON ME SPINACH AN' I HAD A BAD ATTACK OF "SPINACH SHAKES" FROM THE UNRELEASED SPINACH ENERGY AN I HAD TA GET SUMPIN' TA HOLD ME DOWN OR I'D OF TORE THE TOWN TA PIECES!
I GOTTA GO PRETTY SOON, POPEYE


T'S TIME FOR YOU BOYS TO GET INTO THE RING - YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH POPEYE
YEAH YOU SURE FIXED US A SET-UP WHEN YOU BOUGHT ALL OF THE SPINACH IN TOWN
HE'LL BE A CINCH FER US
I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPIN' THAT ONE EYED SAILOR? HE'S LATE
I YAM DUE AT THE ARENA AN' I DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TA DO WIT'CHA, SWEE'PEA
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCE-MENT TO MAKE!
J.WELLINGTON WIMPY WILL BE YOUR REFEREE TONIGHT
THANK YOU, MY FRIENDS, THANK YOU
Boo
Boo-Boo
BOOOOO!
Boo-Boo
BOOOOO!
Boo-Boo
BOO-
BOO
BOO
BOO
BOO
MISS OYL, HAVE YOU SEEN POPEYE? IT'S GETTING LATE
I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM, WIMPY
I FEAR I'LL HAVE TO CALL OFF THE FIGHT
DON'T STOP THE FIGHT, WIMPY, HERE COMES POPEYE NOW
AHOY, WIMPY, I HOPES YA DIDN'T MIND IF I BRANG SWEE'PEA - HE HATES TA EAT ALONE SO I HAD TA BRANG HIM WIT' ME


COME ON! GET THAT KID OUT OF HERE AN' LET'S START THE FIGHT!
MAYBE YA DID NOT UN'NER-STAN' ME - SWEE'PEA LIKES COMPANY WHEN HE EATS - DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM - LE'S FIGHT!
VERY WELL - WILL YOU START THE FIGHT, MR. REFEREE?
I SHALL SEE THAT THE FISTICUFFS START IMMEDIATELY, SIR
SWEE'PEA, STOP GULPIN' YER FOOD - IT AIN'T GOOD FER YA TA EAT SO FAST!
BONG
YA SHOULD NOT GET EXCITIPATED WHEN YA EATS - JUS' TAKE IT EASY AN' ENJOY YER FOOD
BAM
ARF! ARF! BLOW ME DOWN, SWEE'PEA I GUESS WE HAS STARTED TA FIGHT!
DON'T SPILL YER FOOD, SWEE PEA
THUMP

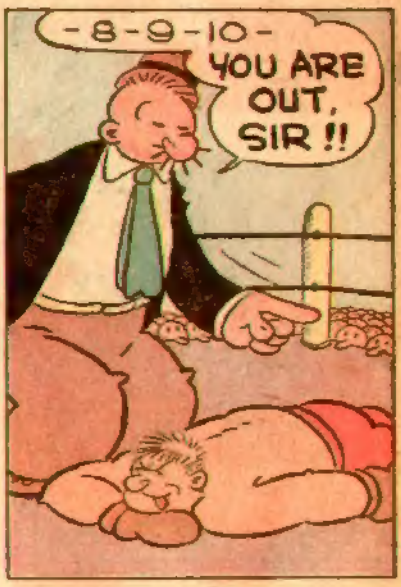

CRACK
UGH
WHATCHA TRYIN' TA DO? SPOIL SWEE'PEA'S DINNER?
SPLAT
HAVE YOU ANY SALT, WIMPY?
NO, BUT I WILL GLADLY SEND OUT FOR SOME
SMACK
GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE, YOU SENT BIG JIM RIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF!
YEAH, NOW SWEE'PEA KIN FINISH HIS FOOD IN PEACE
OH, YEAH, YOU STILL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF ME!
MY GORSH, LITTLE JIM! I FERGOT ALL ABOUT YA!
WIMPY, HOW ABOUT CALLIN' THE FIGHT ORF? I KIN NOT HIT LITTLE JIM — HE IS TOO SMALL
THAT IS UP TO MR. TENPER
IT WOULD NOT BE FAIR!

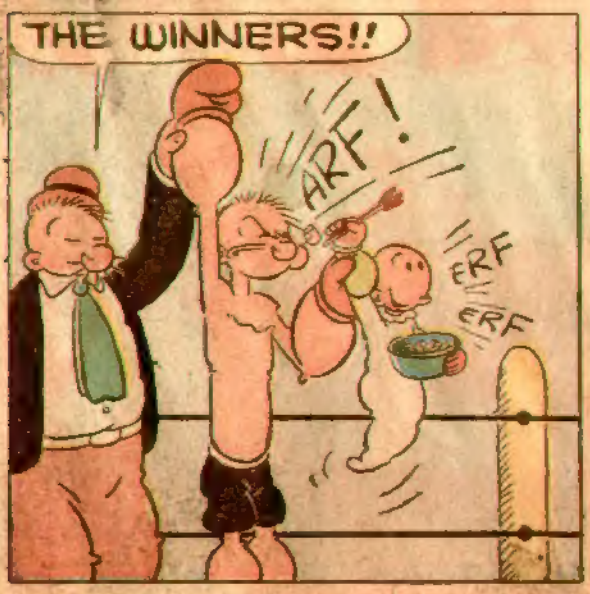

YOU SIGNED TO FIGHT BIG JIM AND LITTLE JIM AND LITTLE JIM DOESN'T GET OUT OF THIS RING WITHOUT A FIGHT!
BUT-BUT-BUT--
YEAH, AN' I GOT A REPUTATION TO THINK ABOUT!

POPEYE, KIN I MAKE A SUGGESTION?
Bzz-Bz-Bzz-Bzz-AND THEN Bzz-Bzz--SEE?
ARF! ARF! BLOW ME DOWN!! IF YA REALLY WANTS TO!

HELLO, SHORTY
?

SPLAT


-8-9-10-
YOU ARE OUT, SIR !!


THE WINNERS!!
ARF!
ERF
ERF

AS I WAS SAYIN', WIMPY, WHEN YA HAS A LITTLE BOY KID TA BRANG UP YA HASTA BE VERY CAREFUL OF THEIR EATIN'—THEY MUS' HAVE PEACE AN' HARMONEYS WHEN THEY IS EATIN'!
ULP!
BOB SIMSBURY

POPEYE

SIR, I INSIST THAT I AM FLEETER OF FOOT THAN YOU!
OKAY, WIMPY, I WILL RUN YA A FEET RACE AROUN' THE BLOCK!
HOW ABOUT A SMALL WAGER, POPEYE?
I WILL NOT GAMBLE WITCHA, WIMPY, BUT IF YA BEATS ME BACK HERE, YA KIN HAVE A HAMBURGER FER EVERY SECOND YA BEATS ME BY!
GO!
HELP! POLICE! STOP THAT MAN!! HELP! HELP!
AH, I SEE YOU CAUGHT THE SCOUNDREL - GOOD - I SHALL SPEAK TO THE MAYOR OF YOUR BRAVERY, OFFICER!
WHAT'S THE CHARGE, MISTER?
WHY, OFFICER, I AM SURPRISED THAT YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE **SLIPPY SLAM**, THE MOST FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL CROOK IN THE WORLD!
BLOW ME DOWN!?
HE'S WANTED IN EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD
COME ON, SLIPPY, I'M TAKING YOU IN!
BUT! BUT! BUT!
I DON'T CARE HOW MANY COUNTRIES YOU HAVE TO CHECK, OFFICER, PLEASE LET HIM GO. **I'M GETTING TIRED!**
I'LL HAVE CHILI SAUCE ON THE NEXT FOUR THOUSAND, PLEASE!

POPEYE

AVAST, SWEE'PEA, EAT YER SPINACH!
NO!
LISTING – I SAID EAT YER SPINACH!
NO!!
WHASA MATTER WICHA? DOES YA WANTA GROW UP TA BE A SISSY MAN WITOUT ANY MUSKELS? NOW BE A GOOD LI'L BOY KID AN' EAT YER SPINACH!
NO!
IF YA DOESN'T EAT YER SPINACH, YA HASTA GO TA BED HUNGRY! NOW EAT IT! GO ON EAT IT!!
NO!
THERE'S THE DOORBELL. I WILL TAKE CARE OF YA LATER!
PING
BR-R-
BOING
WHEW!
I KIN NOT FIGURE OUT WHAT IS WRONG WIT' 'AT KID!
I GUESS I WILL HAFTA SPANK HIM, IF HE DON'T EAT HIS SPINACH!
SOMETIMES KIDS IS AS MYSKERIOUS AS PEOPLE!
DO YOU HAVE A LITTLE BOY?
YAS, SO WHAT?
I WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM!
?
THAT'S HIM – YES, SIR, THAT'S THE BOY THAT WAS IN MY SOUTH FIELD THIS MORNING! HE ATE TWO ACRES OF MY BEST SPINACH!!
YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT!
Bud Sagendorf